


THE LIFE OF
LUDWIG II
OF BAVARIA

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Ludwig II of Bavaria

by

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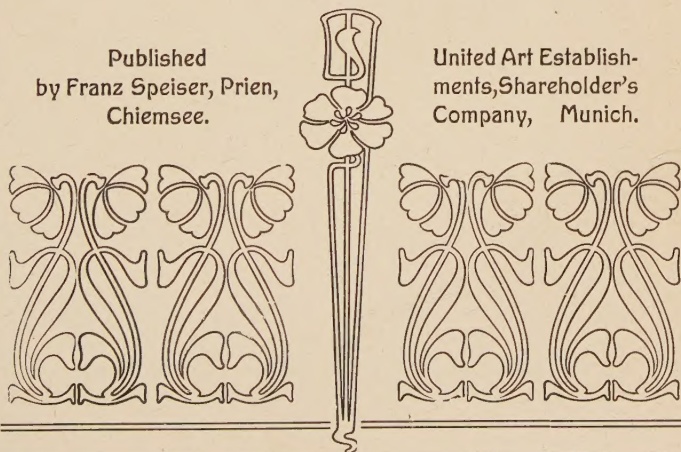
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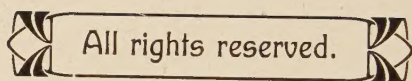
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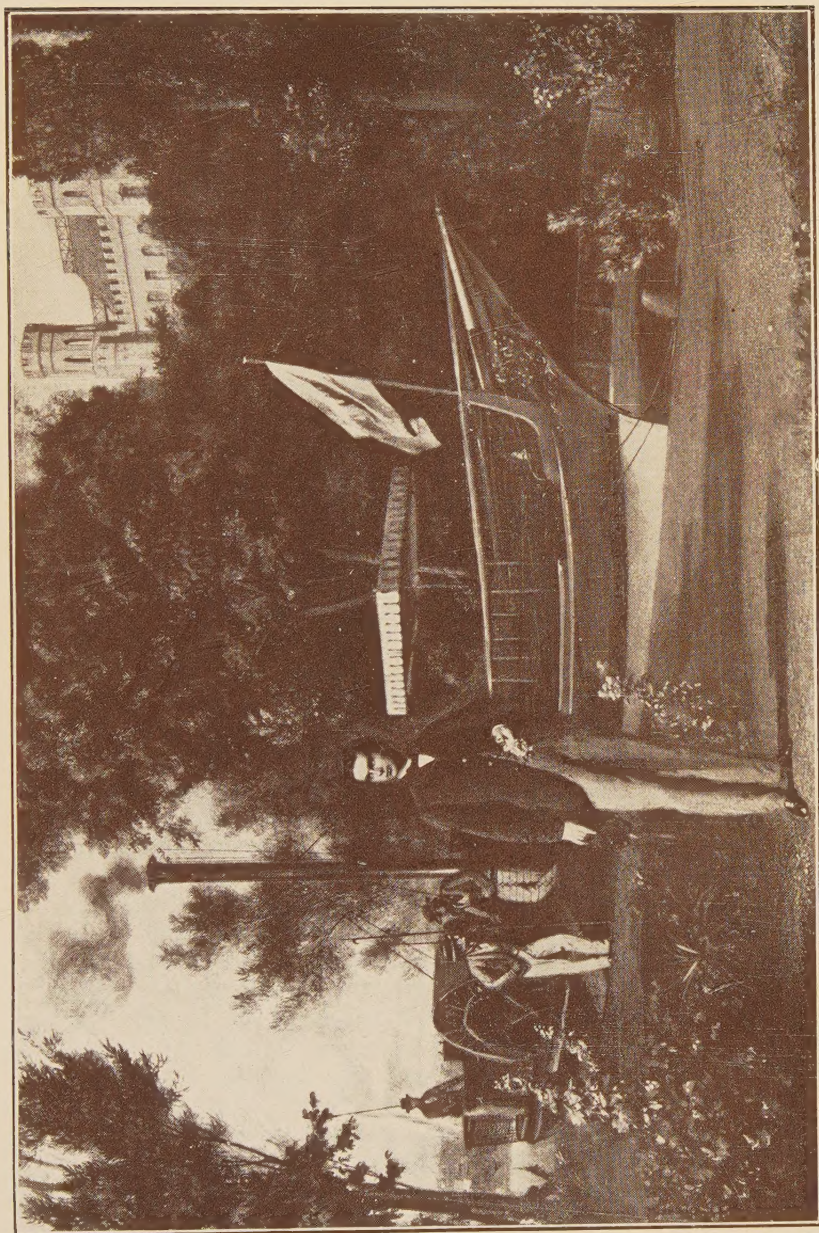
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King Ludwig lands for the first time at the Castle Park of Berg.



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PREFACE.

The name of Ludwig II of Bavaria brings before our eyes the picture of a human life—the life moreover of a Prince, full of tragedy and kingly impotence struggling against an unconquerable and implacable foe.

The cradle of this descendant of the ancient House of Wittelsbach was surrounded by good fairies competing with each other in heaping their rich gifts upon the unconscious infant, who, with large inquiring eyes gazed wonderingly at the world it had but lately entered. Yet just these very gifts hid beneath them the germ of that terrible disease, which in later years attacked the blossoming young life with deadly virulence. The terrible demon of insanity robbed the unfortunate Prince of that what the world deems real and true happiness, and before he had attained the age of manhood, this dreaded illness had converted the gay, life-loving youth into a prematurely earnest and melancholic man. Smarting under the sting of many bitter experiences he withdrew himself from the noisy bustle of the world and sought peace in the seclusion of country life—, in a self-created fantastic world of his own. But even here he was pursued by the stern duty of life—, with fist of iron, it thundered at the closed portals of the royal domain—, it had become necessary to take the reins of government out of the hands of the sorely-tried man and to lay the burden on the shoulders of another.

It was only natural that the pride of the King should rise up and resent this interference in his royal rights, but that he should retaliate in the way he did when realising to the full what this step meant for him, of that not one of his subjects had ever dreamed.

How can this life, so filled with strange contrasts, fail to make upon our minds a deep and stirring impression?

It is above all in his youthful days that he is brought near to us. No one understood his character, and the days of his boyhood pass joylessly by. Just at the very moment when the stern discipline of education is thought to have stifled and extinguished every spark of his fiery imagination, the boy, hitherto so jealously guarded against every experience of life, was suddenly called upon to attend the deathbed of his father. When the knell of the passing bell announced to his sorrowing subjects the loss of the true Father of the Capital, the new Monarch ascended the steps of the throne wholly unprepared for the difficult task before him, and only with the wise and loyal support of his faithful ministers was he able to carry out the arduous duties of his new position.

King Ludwig was, and remained, the strict constitutional Prince, who knew now to uphold and preserve with royal dignity the prerogatives of the Crown. That which his German-to-the-backbone grandfather, Ludwig I of Bavaria, had so ardently and vainly striven for all his life, was granted to his youthful grandson, Ludwig II,—to him fell the lot to perpetuate his name in the annals of German History by his tactful intervention in the destiny of the German Fatherland. After the disastrous war of 1866 it became apparent to his statesmanlike mind that a new era had commenced and that Prussia, with her strength and power, was called upon to guide and control the fate of Germany.

The tactful moderation which the Prussian chancellor (in face of the great results) advocated and succeeded in carrying through with regard to Bavaria at the Signing of Peace, earned for him Ludwig's warmest thanks and respect, and permitted the King to exchange the threatening inevitable war with France for the protecting Treaty with Prussia and, when at the outbreak of war in 1870 he, true to the Treaty of Alliance (to which he had pledged his word) stood up on the side of Prussia, the century-long dismembered condition of the German people was finally put an end to, and the joyful applause of his subjects, and indeed of all Germany, knew no bounds.

The day on which King Ludwig, hand in hand with Prussia's victorious Crown Prince, received the delighted acclamations of his people, was also the culminating point in his life.—And nothing can detract from the glory of that second great deed which the King inacted in the midst of the victorious career of the German Army. Ever since the ancient dignity of Emperor had been destroyed by the blows of the mighty Napoleon, it had become the earnest longing of every

true German to see realised the dream of the Kyffhäuser Legend.

King Ludwig proposed to the grey-haired Hero-King of Prussia to raise up the German Nation to new glory, and submitted, as keystone to the powerful building of Unity, gained with such valour upon the battlefield, the Imperial Crown, thus insuring to the proud Wittelsbacher the undying gratitude and thanks of all ages. And the crown of glory, which Ludwig II by this act had placed upon his brow, was completed by a deed which secured for him a lasting memorial in the German history of civilisation. The striking personality of the Poet-Composer, Richard Wagner, is indissolubly associated with the name and memory of King Ludwig II.

One of the first acts of the young Monarch was to summon Wagner to his court. He desired to offer to the great Master a free and open field for his work, released from all the sordid cares and worries of his struggling existence, and his enthusiastic admiration for Wagner's creations laid the foundation of a deep and sincere affection to which he remained true till death. It is seldom indeed that a friendship between Monarch and Poet has ever been so criticised by sharp tongues as was this. Only few persons were able to see and admire in Wagner the hero of a new German Art. The others, influenced by the press, saw in him the Wandering Jew, who, homeless in München, had at last, by the unguarded munificence of the inexperienced King, succeeded in securing for himself a luxurious berth.

The real nature of this friendship has long since become clear to all. We know that Ludwig found in Wagner a sympathetic nature and that he yielded himself up to the charms of music. This "yielding up" of himself was certainly, for a nature like that of the King's, a dangerous experiment, but Wagner possessed a sound and healthy influence over him which prevented the Monarch's ardent and enthusiastic admiration degenerating into an unhealthy and enfeebling passion.

It is easy enough to comprehend that Wagner, who up to this date had struggled powerlessly in poverty and distress against envy, hatred and misunderstanding, should regard and look up to his benefactor with warm and sincere gratitude, should honour him with all the depth of his artistic feelings, almost to adoration even. The ideal artistic taste, together with the unparalleled generosity displayed by the King, opened up for him the road which Wagner had now learnt to regard as forever closed—the road to success and fame. What wonder then at his gratitude and affection?

The King's innate and fostered enthusiasm for the beauty of the German world of legend became strengthened by witnessing its reproduction in the Wagner Musical Dramas, and the beautiful royal Castle of Neuschwanstein, in whose halls the echoes of his symphonies awoke in the hearts of the hearers feelings which no other composer had ever yet been able to produce, stands as a lasting memorial of this enthusiasm.

Yet it was not Wagner's influence alone which led the King on in this direction. Ludwig had before his eyes the examples of his beauty-loving ancestors, Max Emanuel and Karl Albrecht, who, in the neighbourhood of Munich, had erected the pompous Nymphenburg and Schleissheim.

Nor was this all, for the King, attracted by the brilliant era of the French Monarchy, had undertaken a visit to France with the express purpose of inspecting the great buildings of that time. This, united to a thorough and deep study of its literature, had the effect of rendering him so familiar with the period in which he was interested, that he finally yielded himself over completely to its charms, and sought to restore, within his own dominions, the splendour of the by-gone days by creating the still more gorgeous Castles of Linderhof and Herrenchiemsee.

That the King, towards the close of his life, labouring under a mistaken idea as to the amount of funds at his command, erected (in Gothic style) a so-called Knight's Castle on the precipitous rocks of the Falkenstein, a Castle of fairylike Indian beauty on the shores of the isolated Plan Lake, and yet again, Schloss Schachen (this latter fitted up in true oriental splendour) in the solitary mountain scenery of the Wetterstein, every true lover of art will applaud, but the dry prosa of our present day has never succeeded in grasping that just this very broad-mindedness in the artistic taste of the King was nothing more or less than the outcome of his severe and ever-increasing illness.

Slowly but resolutely, and engrossed in his admiration of the Bourbon era, Ludwig withdrew himself still more from public life and yet in spite of his seclusion, he never ceased to show himself as the ardent supporter of art in all its branches, and astonished those entrusted to carry out his orders by their unfailing accuracy and clearness.

It is an admirable trait in Ludwig's character that, although such a warm supporter of the Sun-King, he never committed the fault of which that monarch was guilty — at his court no women were permitted to shine or rule.

Only on the walls were seen the portraits of the many beautiful women who had played no unimportant rôle in the life of the Bourbon and they afforded the King pleasure, insomuch, as he himself expressed it, "because they came and went as he desired."

For the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette he felt a deep respect and also for Mary Stuart, but to the fair sex of our modern times Ludwig II was very sparing in his tokens of favour.

The childlike affection which he had entertained for his mother seemed gradually to cool off as his life became more secluded, but real deep affection united him to the unfortunate Empress Elisabeth of Austria, and her last greeting to him, a large bouquet of jessamine, his favourite flower and gathered by her own hands, was laid upon the breast of the dead King as he lay at peace in solemn state in his Castle of Berg.

With the same chivalrous respect he honoured the Czarina Maria Alexandrowna of Russia, who had paid several visits to his country at the commencement of his reign.

The news of his engagement to Sophie Charlotte was hailed with joy by all his subjects, but an icy frost spread itself over the happiness of the young couple; — the engagement was broken off, and from this time Ludwig withdrew himself almost entirely from the society of ladies.

Fate had stepped in to separate the lives of these two members of Princely Houses and a tragic end awaited them. King Ludwig, a solitary and afflicted man, met his terrible death in the waters of the Starnberger Lake and Princess Sophie fell a victim to the memorable and disastrous fire in Paris.

It lay in the nature of the King's illness — this illness which gnawed at his nervous system and deprived him of happiness — that he should harbour feelings of contempt towards his fellow-creatures, and the bitterness of ingratitude, from which he had again and again been made to suffer, did not tend to lessen this feeling.

What perhaps caused him the most pain, was that several important newspapers, beyond the control of his Kingdom, took upon themselves to criticise in no measured terms the rapidly-increasing deficit in his exchequer and, regardless alike of Ludwig's feelings and precarious state of health, published to the world at large the details of his private life.

King Ludwig had broken with everything when the painful hour of decision approached. His attempts to put an end to the misery of his financial difficulties had failed. He stood

apart from the active political life of his Kingdom and the respectful homage of his subjects he avoided on every possible occasion.

A dull apathetic indifference led him to disregard the warning voices which endeavoured to induce him to quit the terrible solitude in which he had immured himself, and during those last weeks the unhappy Monarch wandered restlessly from one castle to another, weighed down by the forebodings of a terrible disaster from which there was no escape.

Those were sad and difficult days for every loyal Bavarian heart that watched with anxiety the drawing back of the King from his people. The air was heavy as before the outbreak of a storm, and when finally the news of his long-suspected illness and all that had transpired at the Castles of Neuschwanstein and Berg was made known, the loyalty of Ludwig's subjects became apparent to the whole world.

Bowed down with grief all Bavaria stood round the bier of the unhappy Monarch, who, unable to bear the thought of the future awaiting him, had taken his life by his own hand.





THE PARENTS OF THE KING.

The royal festivities celebrating the marriage of the youthful Crown Prince of Bavaria to Therese, daughter of the Duke of Saxony, were held this year in connection with a great Agricultural Show, and the people, who had now a twofold excuse for visiting the Capital, flocked from all parts of the country to offer their greetings to the young couple.

This Fête, which since this occasion, has become a national institution, is now held every year in Munich under the name of "The October Fête."

In 1811 the union of the Prince and Princess was blessed by the birth of a son, who received the name of Maximilian. The royal child grew up under the tender care of his parents and, when later on an Instructor was sought for and found in the able and highly educated Priest, Max Iver, it was the Crown Prince himself who drew up the plan for his instruction, entering into, and controlling even, the minutest details of the same. How devoted Ludwig, as Crown Prince, and later on as King, was to his children and grandchildren, can be judged from the fact that he spent hours sitting on the floor of their apartments joining in their games or listening to their merry childish chatter.

Maximilian, in common with all his brothers and sisters, inherited from his father his qualities of economy, order and punctuality and, above all, his untiring energy in carrying out his duties.

After completing his preparatory studies Maximilian visited the universities of Göttingen and Berlin, where he moved in stimulating circles. Especially Leopold v. Ranke obtained a strong and lasting influence over the young Prince, who, fully realising the responsibilities of the life awaiting him,

endeavoured, with all the innate conscientiousness of his character, to fill up the deficiencies in his knowledge.

Travelling (he visited amongst other countries, England, and was present at the coronation of the youthful Queen



King Maximilian II.

Victoria) helped to raise and enlarge his ideas and everywhere his chivalrous character was admired and appreciated.

The Prince devoted himself especially to the study of classic art, and on one of his trips to Italy, being in Naples vividly reminded of the sad and tragic fate of the Imperial House of Hohenstaufen, whose last descendant, Conradin, met his death by the hand of the executioner, he erected in the church of S. Maria del Carmine a marble monument to their memory.

In his more mature years Maximilian turned his attention to the study of science and here the great philosopher Schelling, as well as the Bavarian Professor Thiersch, exercised important influence over him. The Prince likewise devoted much



The Queen Mother.

time and attention in preparing himself for his duties as monarch. Professors of constitutional law and historians edited for him, at his request, a Statesman's Yearbook or Manual, which, whilst giving him information on the rights of the people, strengthened in him the desire to preserve their already procured liberties and to promote their future welfare to the utmost of his power.

Maximilian evinced his enthusiasm for the history of his House by the restoration of Burg Hohenschwangau.—He

restored it in all the brilliancy of ancient poetry and art out of the ruins of the past, and also now the Castle breathes forth an atmosphere of real German romance.

Whilst still a very young man at the university the Prince had been greatly attracted by the picture of the Princess Marie of Prussia, daughter of Prince Wilhelm and of his wife, Maria Anna of Hessen-Homburg, and while the Princess was but a child in innocence and knowledge of the world, she so charmed him by her beauty, amiability and kindheartedness, that he offered himself as suitor for her hand.

Princess Marie's childhood had been spent in a peaceful and happy family circle, she inherited the unpretentiousness and simplicity of her parents and these qualities lent to her character and appearance a charm which none were able to resist.

Her home, a Gothic Castle situated in a lovely park with a glorious view of the distant Riesen mountains, was at Fischbach in Silesia and here the young girl grew up, imbibing a taste for the beauties of nature and developing a love for her poor and simple neighbours, whose needs and miseries she did her utmost to supply and soothe. The engagement of the young Princess to the Crown Prince of Bavaria was celebrated at the Royal Castle in Berlin, February 23rd, 1842, and on the 30th of July, in the same year, the bride received the rite of Confirmation in the village Church at Fischbach, in the presence of her fiancé and the King and Queen of Prussia. All Bavaria was taken up in preparing herself for the great and all-important coming event. The etiquette of the times demanded that the marriage of the Princess should take place at her own home, and at the wedding in the Castle Chapel in Berlin on October 5th, 1842, her cousin, Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, was appointed to stand as proxy for her fiancé, the Crown Prince.

On the evening of the wedding day, as was the time-honoured custom at the House of Hohenzollern, a solemn torchlight ball was held. The bride with the King and other Princes in succession, and proceeded by the Ministers bearing wax lights, made the tour of the ballroom, and Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, again acting as proxy for the bridegroom, followed with the Queen and Princesses. A special performance at the Opera was given as a farewell to the bride, who, as she appeared at the side of his Majesty, received the joyful and enthusiastic acclamations of the crowded House, and on the departure of the Royal party it was with the utmost difficulty that the thousands of people who had collected, all eager to

catch a parting glimpse of the beloved Princess, could be induced to permit the Court carriages to proceed on their way. The official reception of the young Princess was, of course, to be accorded her in Munich, but the Crown Prince,



King Ludwig I.

impatient for a glimpse of his bride, contrived to give her a hasty welcome at Landshut, after which he hurried back to his capital.

The excitement of the countless crowds lining the streets was at its highest when the firing of cannon and the joyful pealing of bells announced the arrival of their future Queen. The charming appearance of the young bride took all hearts by storm and the news that she had brought with her, amongst her luggage, her favourite doll and dolls' kitchen, from which

at the last moment she had been unable to separate herself, delighted the people beyond measure, and she was greeted on all sides by every possible sign of national joy and enthusiasm.

The Crown Prince awaited the procession at the Residenz and as he lifted his little bride out of her carriage and kissed her before the thousands of spectators, the air was filled with acclamations of joyful welcome and delight.

The marriage was celebrated by the Archbishop of München-Freising on the 12th of October in the handsome Church of the Trinity, the bride wearing the valuable diadem presented to her as a wedding gift by the inhabitants of Munich.

The whole city now gave itself up to rejoicing and festivity. A brilliant ball was arranged at the Odeon in honour of the event and when, at the aforementioned October Fête 36 bridal couples in national costume, chosen from all classes of society, passed in procession the royal tent and united their respectful homage to the rejoicings of the people, the young Princess saw with what real attachment and love the population was united to the Royal House. The father-in-law of the Princess, Ludwig I, writing to one of his artists and speaking of his new daughter-in-law, said "She is the very essence of goodness, very pretty and has beautiful eyes," and again, "I have now in Marie a second charming little daughter-in-law."

On the 18th of October, 1812, the Crown Prince and Princess were present at the inauguration of the "Walhalla", erected by King Ludwig, and on the following day at the laying of the foundation stone of the Befreiungshall at Kelheim.

The royal couple spent the happy weeks of their honeymoon at Castle Hohenschwangau, where the beauty of the scenery charmed and delighted the young Princess. Here she spent much of her time in visiting the poor, dispensing not only material aid to relieve their wants, but also sunshine and happiness wherever she went.

The 25th of August, 1845, was ushered in by the joyful firing of cannon to celebrate a double event—the birth and name day of King Ludwig I, and the birth, at Schloss Nymphenburg, of the first child of the Crown Prince and Princess.

But the dream of happiness, which had been added to by the birth of a second son, was dispelled by a sudden and rude awakening. The storms of that never-to-be-forgotten year of 1848 had at last reached Bavaria and the 20th of March in the same year saw the abdication of King Ludwig I.

It was at a difficult and troublous time that the new King Maximilian, by this act of his father, was called upon to ascend the throne. The whole of Europe was in a state of unrest

and only Bavaria was spared the horrors of revolution and civil war. The noble Wittelsbacher had won the hearts of his people by his first proclamation. He had chosen as his motto on ascending the throne the words "God and my people", and to this well-chosen device he remained firm and true until his death. The new King directed his attention to everything that concerned the well-being of his country. Whatever his father had introduced or supported was continued and strengthened by Maximilian.

Every branch of science, especially that of history, found in him a liberal patron and supporter and the words of Dollinger, "that no prince since the time of the Ptolemys had ever exercised so deep and far-reaching an influence on science as did King Max", was no flattery, but the simple truth. By the appointing of able and efficient professors to the universities, by supporting travel and research, by founding the Historical Commission, he succeeded in giving an immense impetus to the growth of every branch of scientific research and knowledge.

He surrounded himself with a small and well-chosen circle of poets and professors—their society was for him a pleasure and rest from the anxieties and worries of his Kingdom, but even this harmless recreation of the King's, who was never tired in promoting the good of his subjects—for whom the happiness of his people spelt happiness for himself, provoked criticism and jealousy amongst some of his subjects, who viewed with disfavour the King being on such friendly terms with members of the middle class.

Maximilian did his utmost to carry out his duties as German Prince. All the untiring efforts of Parliament to solve the German Constitutional question were unavailing and the antagonism between Prussia and Austria became from day to day more acute. The King exerted himself to the utmost of his power to act as mediator between the two rivals and, honourable in all his dealings with his own Kingdom, so he likewise endeavoured to uphold the honour of the German Fatherland. Not one of the German Princes who were present at the Princes' Assembly at Frankfurt in the year 1863 regretted the failure of the assembly more than he, and the words of the honest citizen, who, meeting the King walking in the streets of Frankfurt, grasped his hand warmly and broke out into the classical words, "Bist a braver Ma, Maxl, das muss ich schon sage", proved more strongly than anything else could possibly have done now highly the King's attitude was appreciated and honoured by the people.

Maximilian's treatment of the Schleswig-Holstein question raised him still higher in the opinion of his people. He refused absolutely to give his consent to the Protocol issued from London, directing that the Duchy should be united to the crown of Denmark, and when, after the death of Friedrich VII of Denmark, the question respecting the future of the Duchies of the Elbe began to become acute, all eyes were directed on King Maximilian, their warmest and truest friend and supporter.

The King, who was in Italy at the time, hastened at the call for help from his unhappy fellow-countrymen back to Germany, bringing a sacrifice to his feeling of duty which was much too dearly paid for with the cost of his valuable life.

The King's health had been unsatisfactory for years. He suffered greatly from nervous headaches, the result of a severe attack of typhoid fever to which, as a boy, he had fallen a victim, and in order to obtain relief from these he was often obliged to seek perfect rest and quiet in the pure air of the mountains, and on the advice of his doctors he several times spent the worst part of the year in Italy. This was the cause of his present absence from home, and although the serious state of his health required that he should not return before the severity of his own climate had given way to the milder air of spring, his strong sense of duty caused him not to hesitate one moment, and he returned immediately in order to do his best to uphold the honour of Germany.

All the efforts of Maximilian proved unavailing in solving the weighty question. It was a moral impossibility for him to overcome all the difficulties which stood in his way, and this failure saddened the last days of a life which was rapidly drawing to its close. No one imagined that the brilliant ball and fête given at the Residenz Theatre on the 10th of February, 1864, was the winding up of the happiness of the royal couple.

The ball presented an animated and brilliant spectacle. The Queen appeared as the Kurfürstin Anna Maria, in a gorgeous gown of ermine with an overdress of purple velvet, embroidered in gold and brilliants, and a crown upon her powdered hair. The King's brother, Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, had assumed the rôle of the Kurfürst, Max Josef.

The King himself had adopted no disguise but that of a domino, and he and his royal father, likewise in a domino, watched the gay scene with interest and amusement. Just one month later Maximilian was stricken down by death.

Even so late as the 7th of March the King, although feeling very ill, would not give up his accustomed daily walk in the

English Gardens, but from this date his illness increased with terrible rapidity, doubtless augmented and hastened by the excitement brought on by the diplomatic Mission of Archduke Albrecht of Austria to his court, respecting the Schleswig-Holstein question. On the 9th of March an order was issued, bidding the Bavarian ambassadors to assemble at the Diet. This was the last official document to which the King affixed his signature.

When on the evening of the same day, the news was spread abroad that his Majesty's life was in danger, his loyal subjects, filled with grief and consternation, assembled in thousands before the doors of the Residenz and waited in perfect silence and patience for such news as were occasionally brought to them by an official or servant of the royal household.

The courtyard was filled with hundreds, who, on their bended knees, were praying earnestly for the recovery of their beloved Monarch.

But it was ordained otherwise, and at this very moment the King was bidding a touching farewell to his sorrowstricken wife and two young sons, Ludwig and Otto.

Early on the following morning the solemn bells of the Cathedral called upon the inhabitants of the capital to pray for their departing King, and at the same moment the King's physician acquainted his Majesty with his condition. The King, who already felt the hopelessness of his case, received the intelligence calmly, and immediately afterwards the last sacraments were administered to the dying Monarch.

The King remained, in spite of his terrible weakness, conscious till the end, and the Queen, who throughout the illness of her husband, had bravely controlled the bitter grief which was weighing down her heart, now knelt sobbing by his deathbed, and as the clocks in the city chimed the three quarters to twelve the spirit of the King passed peacefully away.

Archbishop Scherr of Munich, who had not left his Majesty during the last moments of his life, now quitted the apartment overcome with grief, and when in the antechamber the anxious question was put to him "is the King still alive?" he answered, his voice half choked by tears, "Yes, he lives in Heaven, God has taken a good King away from us, let us pray to Him that He send us such another again".

The news was everywhere received with sincere and deepest sorrow. The King had been really loved by his people and all Germany had honoured and respected him.

The death of King Maximilian was but the first step on the pathway of sorrow which the unhappy Queen was now

condemned to tread. A few weeks later she stood at the deathbed of Princess Luitpold of Bavaria, who for over 20 years had been her dearest and most trusted friend.

The admiration shown by the people for their new King brought a ray of happiness into the grief of the sorrowing Queen, and with pride she saw how his subjects were prepared to give to the handsome young Monarch all the devotion and trust they had given his father before him.

The King, with never-failing thoughtfulness for his beloved wife, had given instructions for her to receive the title of "Queen-Mother", thus sparing her the pain of being called "Queen-Widow". Her position at Court was assured, for King Ludwig remained unmarried, but of this the Queen took no advantage. She devoted herself to doing good and her countless acts of love and charity are written down in letters of gold in the History of Bavaria.

The year 1866 saw the outbreak of the war between Prussia and Bavaria which was an additional grief to her Majesty. She organised two hospitals, one in Munich, the other at Schloss Fürstenried, to receive the wounded, and here she spent much of her time, devoting herself to the care and nursing of the poor victims. Hohenschwangau, also after the King's death, continued to be the favourite residence of the Queen. The beauty of the scenery and the simple home life she led there with the King, her son, and his merry brother Otto, helped to distract her and lead her thoughts into another and happier channel.

In the autumn of 1867 the Queen paid her first visit to the Elbigen Alp. King Ludwig, on one of his long rambling walks, had accidentally discovered it and on returning home had raved so much about its beauty, that the Queen was anxious to see it. Her visit charmed her and from now on it became her favourite resort. It was here, also, that the news was broken to her of the tragic fate of her son Ludwig.

It really seemed as if the unfortunate Queen were doomed to have all her earthly hopes blighted. Full of motherly pride and joy, she had, at the request of the King, demanded the hand of the Princess Sophie of Bavaria for him in marriage—her Majesty felt instinctively that all was not right with her son—his increasing love of solitude gave her considerable cause for anxiety, but she trusted that the union with Sophie would be so productive of happiness as to quite dispel the melancholy of his character.—She felt bitterly disappointed at the failure of her hopes, for the royal engagement was cancelled, and the Queen's fears for her unhappy son became confirmed.

On the outbreak of war in 1870, her Majesty, ever ready to sacrifice herself and to help her fellow-creatures, again devoted her time to nursing the sick and wounded, and one cannot speak in too high terms of her charity and goodness.

On the 12th of October, 1874, in the Parish Church at Waltenhofen, the Queen was openly received into the Roman Catholic Church. Her son, Otto, who was present at the solemn ceremony, embraced his mother tenderly and with visible emotion at its conclusion. This act of her Majesty attracted universal attention and the German Emperor, as well as the Queen's sister, used all the influence in their power against it.

But it is a mistaken idea to imagine that it led to any ill feelings between Ludwig and his mother. He himself made it known to the public, and if it did not quite correspond with his own views, he never permitted it to cause any breach between his mother and himself.

Her Majesty was now almost entirely alone. Her son Otto had taken up his residence at Schloss Fürstenried and lived there a life of strict seclusion; of King Ludwig too, about whose illness there could no longer be any doubt, she hardly saw anything, although mother and son still remained on the same terms of affection as before.

The eve of her 60th birthday (the 14th of October, 1885) brought the Queen, however, a rare and unexpected happiness. All had retired for the night at Castle Hohenschwangau when suddenly the stillness was disturbed by the sounds of horses' hoofs and the wheels of an approaching carriage. The King had arrived—unexpected and unannounced. He came to visit and congratulate his mother.

On the following day his Majesty drove with the Queen to Castle Neuschwanstein and together and alone they wandered from room to room, the Prince pointing out and explaining to his mother the pictures by which the walls were covered.

The next day the King and Queen took leave of each other for the last time.

When, by the death of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, his son, now Kaiser Friedrich, was recalled from the sunny South to the cold and still wintry climate of his German home, the Queen, notwithstanding the early hour of the day at which the train conveying his Majesty passed Munich, was at the station to greet and welcome him, a graceful attention warmly appreciated by the royal sufferer. A few months later the health of the Queen began to give way. A visit to Lugano bringing her no relief, she expressed the desire to be taken

home and to her beloved Elbigen Alp, but on her arrival at Hohenschwangau it was evident to all present that her hours were numbered, and that the Castle, in which she had spent the happy weeks of her honeymoon, was destined to be the last resting place of her sorrowful life.

The Prince Regent Luitpold and the favourite of her Majesty, Princess Therese of Bavaria, hurried to the bedside of the dying Queen. After casting a glance full of affection at the glorious view from her open window, her Majesty uttered slowly and impressively the solemn words, "God bless Bavaria, Prussia and my beloved Tyrol", and pressing the hand of her faithful and devoted attendant, Queen Marie closed her eyes in a painless, beautiful death.

All Bavaria mourned the loss of their beloved Queen, who, the greatest sufferer of all, had never tired in relieving the wants of the needy or in assuaging the pains of the sick, and her memory is treasured as a precious relic in the hearts of all her faithful people. —





THE KING'S YOUTH.

It was a joyful day for the Royal House of Bavaria when its members met united round the cradle of the new-born Prince Ludwig.

Although of very delicate constitution the child flourished splendidly under the tender care of his mother. His attendants worshipped him, and it was the nurse of the Crown Prince who instilled into his youthful head the importance of his prominent position. "The Crown Prince is always the first", was her maxim, and she never permitted the younger brother Otto or any little guests to take the lead in the children's games.

The bringing up of the father differed from this in every respect. He endeavoured by every possible means to subdue and crush each sign of obstinacy and wilfulness in his son.

The French nursery governess, who instructed the child in her mother-tongue, as well as the French tutor, were however hardly the right people to intrust with the education of a Prince endowed with a fair amount of pride and obstinacy. Such sentences as "tel est notre bon plaisir" and "l'état c'est moi", were introduced into the studies of the child, in order to flatter his pride and curry favour with him.

The Princess had chosen special colours for her children—blue for Ludwig, and for his younger brother Otto, red, and as far as was possible, these were strictly adhered to.

It was pleasant to see the King and Queen accompanied by their children, walking in the streets of the Capital. The eyes of her Majesty sparkled with happiness when she saw the looks of admiration cast at her two charming boys. Every day after dinner their Majesties stood in conversation at one of the high windows overlooking the Max Josef Platz, and

the children occupied themselves meanwhile in throwing kisses to the passers-by.

It is interesting to note that, even at that early age, the Crown Prince showed signs of what was, in later years, to become almost the passion of his manhood. King Ludwig I, writing to his son, King Otto of Greece, said; "The younger Ludwig has received as a Christmas present a box of bricks out of which he is to erect a triumphal arch. He loves building and I have seen really wonderful things put together by the child.

I recognise a striking resemblance between the future Ludwig II and the politically-dead Ludwig I, also in his devotion to his governess he reminds me of myself, for I was greatly attached to my Weyland"—and again; "The elder Ludwig (Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, eldest son of the Prince Regent Luitpold,) is the cleverest, (although none of my grandchildren are lacking in brains) his brother Leopold the most open and frank, the younger Ludwig the handsomest, Otto the most amiable and sweet natured. They are all different from each other, but they all have good hearts, and that is the principal thing".

The important position in life which the young Prince was destined to occupy cast its shadows even over his childish days. At an age when other children are permitted to romp and play to their heart's content, the poor little Crown Prince was condemned to sit close at his lessons, and the hours of recreation became fewer and fewer. There is also no doubt that insufficient attention was paid to his health and bodily development.

The innate obstinacy of the Prince's character showed itself also at his studies. To such subjects as appealed to him he devoted himself with the greatest attention and energy, whereas to others he entertained a pronounced dislike, and when all the entreaties of his mother (who was invariably present during study hours) proved unavailing, his father had to be called upon to exercise his authority and severity.

Even at a very early stage the Prince showed a great disposition to day-dream.

One day Herr v. Döllinger found the boy sitting on a sofa in a darkened room. "Your Royal Highness must find it very dull here doing nothing. Shall I not read aloud to you?" asked the worthy Priest. "Oh no, I am not at all dull", answered the Prince. "I am thinking over all sort of things, and it amuses me!"



The Royal Family.

From his father Ludwig inherited the love of the romantic, from his grandfather a taste for art and building.

In his earliest youth, as already mentioned, his favourite plaything was a box of bricks, while his brother Otto preferred above all things his soldiers, of which he possessed a whole army.

The romantic tendency of the Crown Prince was fed by the innumerable pictures and frescoes adorning the new part of the Residency, and it is more than probable that the apartments of the older portion of the building, which were decorated in the rich style of the 17th and 18th centuries, laid the foundation of his admiration for this period in later years. It is also certain that the romantically-beautiful situation of Schloss Hohenschwangau, not less than its interior decorations, had a marked influence on the character of the youthful Prince.

The health of his father, King Maximilian, required that the family should often take up residence there, besides which the beauty of the neighbourhood and the excellent shooting proved great attractions for his Majesty. For the Crown Prince these visits were full of delight. He loved the country and felt himself nowhere so happy as in his beautiful mountain home.

The endless pictures adorning the walls of the Castle, illustrating legends and fables, possessed for him an immense attraction. The figures in these pictures—the heroes of the legends, the Guelphs, Crusaders and Minstrels, his own imperial and ducal ancestors, were only too calculated to feed the undeveloped longing for romance and lively fantasy of the young Prince, and the solitude of the mountains, the lofty summits of the Schwangau and the splendid forests and blue sparkling lakes served only to strengthen these impressions, which all the severity of education and discipline were unable to efface.

It must certainly be believed that tutors and professors alike did their utmost in forwarding and perfecting the education of the Crown Prince. But they did not understand his character, otherwise it might surely have been possible for them to have shown more moderation, and with less frequent appeals to the severity of his father, to have succeeded in directing the bright flight of ideas into a healthier and wiser channel.

It cut the sensitive nature of the Prince to the quick when, on some occasions making a remark which his family were unable to follow, a laugh was raised at his expense. Even his mother was not able to comprehend the depth of his imagination, and her simple, moderate views and want of interest in the stage would often cause the Prince and King

to check the ecstasies, in which he had momentarily allowed himself to indulge, and oblige him, for want of some one to understand him, to keep his fantastic dreams and plans to himself.

The whole plan of education adopted by the Princess was based upon an earnest endeavour to check this excessive power of imagination. The reins of discipline were frequently tightened, the hours of recreation curtailed and the boy's fear of his royal father became ever greater. The Princes were also strictly regulated in their food. It must be supposed that the meals provided were insufficient for the rapidly-growing lad, for he always accepted gratefully from the nurse of his younger days, old Liesl, either the remains of her own meals, or things that she contrived to bring with her from the town. One of the Court Ladies used to convey to him, whenever opportunity permitted, a cup of coffee, which the Prince liked so much, but was seldom permitted to enjoy. But these "coffee visits" were discovered, and strictly prohibited.

Although these little acts of kindness did honour to those who performed them, and awakened gratitude in the heart of the Crown Prince, yet they cannot but have served to have increased the feeling that he was kept in unnecessary severity and to embitter him against those, who forbade the fulfilment of his harmless, childlike wishes.

Prince Ludwig was permitted, on very rare occasions, to visit the Court Theatre with his parents and here also, without the express permission of his Majesty, he was not allowed to partake of the slightest refreshment. The first representation which he ever witnessed was Mehul's Opera, "Joseph and his brothers".

Only in 1861 was he allowed to see Wagner's "Lohengrin", and what must have been the impression made on the mind of the young Prince, when he suddenly saw before him on the stage the figure of the Grail-Knight, who in the pictures of Hohenschwangau was so dear and familiar to him!

Although in addition to the society of his brother Otto, the Crown Prince was permitted to associate with his cousin, Prince Ludwig, and the Counts Holnstein and Preysing, his life was, nevertheless, a very dull and lonely one. There was a total absence of emulation, and every game calculated to call the muscles into play with boys of his own age, was strictly denied him.

In his association with his brother the difference in their respective characters was very marked. Prince Otto gave way willingly in his merry amiable manner to the fanciful wishes

and desires of the Crown Prince and was, moreover, the happy possessor of a bright cheery disposition, whereas the Crown Prince was always shy and reserved, although at the same time fully able to assert his superiority over his brother.

Even as a child, Ludwig loved solitude, and Otto, lively society. The former interested himself in art and poetry, the



The Princes Ludwig and Otto
at the ages of 10 and 7 years.

latter in the army, and while Ludwig contented himself with fishing and botanising, his younger brother was a devoted sportsman, a taste which Ludwig never shared, and no one ever succeeded in persuading him to lend his presence either to a hunt or shooting party.

The only taste which the Princes shared in common was that of riding, and both were excellent horsemen.

It is well known that the Crown Prince, from earliest childhood, cherished a nervous dislike to ugly faces and deformed people, and when meeting such he would turn his face to the wall in order to avoid seeing them. This he also did when visited by people whom he disliked. It was extremely embarrassing for his surroundings and it required all the persuasive firmness of his tutors to induce him to turn round and face his visitors, an action which, however, never combined with it friendliness of behaviour. On the other hand, when greeted by the people who passed him on his walks and drives, he invariably responded with politeness and affability. It has been thought probable, judging from various things which made themselves apparent about that time, that the illness of the Prince must have commenced about his 10th year, but all such ideas must be treated with reserve, for it is impossible to verify them. It is best to say with Carl v. Heigel "the Crown Prince was neither better nor worse than other children". With these words he, full of sympathy for the unhappy Monarch, sums up the episodes of the King's youthful days, showing them to us in their true value by comparing them with events in the life of young Goethe.

One of these episodes, simple enough in itself, but supposed to be to a certain extent important, as throwing light on the later developement of his character, is given here as follows, in the words of Heigel. "An eyewitness tells us that in the winter of 1859 the Royal Princes Ludwig and Otto were amusing themselves one day by snowballing each other. Prince Otto had just finished making a ball and called out to his brother, "Look here, Ludwig, I have made a snowball larger than your head!" The Crown Prince tore the ball out of his hand and Otto burst into tears. The Tutor instantly inquired the cause of the dispute. "Ludwig has taken away my snowball", cried Prince Otto. "Your Royal Highness" said the Tutor, turning to the Crown Prince, "that will not do, the balls which Prince Otto makes for himself, belong to him, and you must not take them away". "What!" cried Ludwig with flashing eyes. "I am not allowed to have this snowball! What is the use then of being the Crown Prince?"

The little scene was childish and amusing, but now-a-days it is regarded in another light. Why? The exaggerated ideas of position, the pride of birthright do not enter into a child's head by themselves. "I shall walk on the right side, for I am a Baroness", said a little girl to her schoolfriend. Now she has grown into a good amiable woman. Does one imagine that the eldest son of a well-to-do Tyrolese peasant lives in

total ignorance as to his rights as the firstborn of his father? Nevertheless such a one lives to become an upright man and honest peasant!

A second story reads as improbable.

The Crown Prince Ludwig, when a little boy, wanted to please his grandfather by reciting to him a piece of poetry on his birthday. For this purpose a poem was selected by the courtiers, which had been written by King Ludwig I himself. The little Prince indignantly refused it, saying, "No, no, I won't learn that.—There are so many beautiful poems by Uhland and Schiller and Goethe! Although Grandpapa was a King, he is not a poet whom I admire!"

The "courtiers" chose? No. Either the parents or the tutor would have selected the piece, and if the choice had fallen on a poem written by his grandfather, the little Prince would not have dared to object. Also the child neither knew the works of Uhland nor Schiller, and most certainly, not those of Goethe! Only on attaining the age of 17 or 18 was he permitted to read our classics, and then, naturally, not all.

On his 18th birthday the Crown Prince received for the first time pocket-money. One of every Bavarian coin, the whole amount therefore will not have been very large.

Armed with this treasure, Ludwig set off at once to a jeweller to purchase a locket for his mother, which he had seen in the window and admired. The jeweller placed it before him and asked if he should send the account to the Castle. "No," answered the Crown Prince proudly, "I have my own money now. Here is my purse, you can take from it the sum you ask for the locket."

This story was introduced into a biography of the King and the question asked, "Had then his Majesty, also at that age, as little knowledge of the value of money as he appeared to possess in maturer years?" This remark calls for no comment, but it seems entirely to have escaped the notice of the biographer that the young Prince devoted the first sum of money he ever possessed in giving his mother a surprise and pleasure. Another story, illustrative of the goodheartedness of the Crown Prince, is the following.

When Ludwig was 7 years of age he was permitted to accompany his royal father to Bayreuth. Whilst sitting at dinner his attention was attracted to the sentry pacing up and down before the glass doors and finally he asked permission to give the man something to eat. "Impossible" answered the King, "The man is not allowed to accept anything when he is on guard". After a short pause, during

which the boy seemed to be thinking it over, he said, "If the soldier may not take anything, Papa, I will slip out to him and put something into his pocket".

This charming episode received no comment!

A remark passed by the King of Greece is repeated and regarded in the light of a dismal foreboding of the Prince's future.

In drawing up his will, his Majesty remembered every person of his family and left to each a handsome present, only to Prince Ludwig, who had frequently asked his uncle and aunt to tell him about the art-treasures of Greece, he left nothing. On being gently reminded of this, the King replied, "The unhappy man is destined for the throne and will therefore have means enough at his disposal to carry out the eccentric tendencies, which are already beginning to show themselves in him".

Can we really believe that the Crown Prince possessed so little tact as to talk with the disappointed and embittered King and Queen of Greece about the treasures of their country, thus opening up for them the painful wound anew? The King of Greece calls this nephew, who was heir to a throne, "an unhappy man" because his own Kingdom had brought but such a small share of happiness to himself. That he did not regard his nephew's tendencies as dangerous, or still less intend to give utterance to a dismal foreboding for his future, can be seen by the fact of his describing the funds which would be at Ludwig's disposal as King of Bavaria, "as sufficient to gratify his fancies".

Ludwig never forgot unpleasant remarks made to him, either as a child or man—nor disagreeable events—and he avoided carefully all people and places which awakened in him unpleasant memories.

It is possible that the fact of his never visiting Berchtesgaden after succeeding to the throne may be traced to this. When staying there once as quite a young man he had been greatly attracted by the beauty of the cemetery, and yielding to a momentary impulse, he visited it by moonlight. He was sharply reprimanded for this, and it is probable that his sensitive nature was unable to forget the reproof and that this little episode was at the root of his dislike for the place. On the other hand it may be that Ludwig, who loved solitude, disliked and avoided the crowds of visitors who were always to be encountered in that charming little spot.

If it were impossible for the Queen, with her simple practical views of life, to enter into the highflown thoughts of her son,

so was it equally impossible for the Crown Prince to find pleasure in the simple tastes of his mother.

The long family walks into the country bored him excessively and still more, the afternoons spent at the Bleichenau near Hohenschwangau, where the royal family partook of coffee and cakes; or the Queen and her Ladies occupied themselves at their spinning-wheels.

The education of the Crown Prince was based on the principles of the gymnasium—undoubtedly the most suitable preparation for the universities. Yet it is certain, that had his royal father known the early age at which his son was to succeed him, that he would have accorded him quite a different sort of education. Ludwig never entered into the spirit of the antiquated views of the world, as held and taught by his professors, and throughout his whole life he never evinced the slightest interest for the classical antique, as may be seen by observing the various buildings erected by him. Or did he perhaps, like Alexander the Great, think that in this respect his grandfather had left nothing for him to accomplish?

The Prince attended lectures on chemistry and physics held by the Professors Liebig and Jolly. French was the only modern language which he studied and knew. The treasures of the Italian and English literature were only familiar to him through translations. In this respect also, as likewise in his disinclination for the antique, he differs greatly from his grandfather, who was conversant with several languages and an enthusiastic admirer of the art of by-gone ages.

It is a curious fact that the music-teacher who gave the Prince instruction on the piano, insisted that his royal pupil had absolutely no ear for music.

The Prince showed a strong liking for reading, to which he remained true all his life. He read the German classics with real delight, especially enjoying Schiller, for whom he entertained a warm admiration.

"He read with delight and enjoyed still more being read aloud to. When actors were introduced to him they were either asked to declaim pieces out of Schiller for him, or he declaimed them himself."

Ludwig, supported by good taste and a remarkable memory, acquired by diligent study already in his younger days, an excellent judgment respecting literary subjects.

Reading also awakened his sympathy for the stage and caused him to become an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, although it is asserted that it was not so much the music

itself which attracted him, as the romantic halo with which Wagner so well understood to surround the characters familiar to the King from earliest childhood.

The sons of King Maximilian II were permitted to accompany him on some of his many journeys, and the young Princes won all hearts by their friendliness and amiability.

In the last year of his father's life, Ludwig was appointed to receive, in his place, the various ambassadors accredited to the Bavarian Court, and this little step towards public life must have helped to draw out the shy retiring disposition of the Prince. His conversational talent and knowledge invariably made a deep impression upon the guests so received.

The Prince's dislike to natural deformities explained also his dread and (in later years) nervous withdrawal of himself from every scene likely to irritate and excite his nerves.

It was often taken very amiss, that when he, as King, witnessed the return home of his victorious troops he never bestowed so much as a glance upon the unfortunate soldiers who had been crippled in war, and yet just at this very moment Ludwig, with his deeply sensitive nature, must have suffered intensely at his inability to overcome the repugnance he felt at the sight of every human affliction.

The most touching trait in the Prince's character is his tender love for his mother, whose heart was filled with a justifiable pride in her rapidly-growing up talented son. Probably much would have been different in the life of the King, if only his mother had been able to secure a lasting influence over his character.

On the 25th of August, 1863, the coming of age of the Crown Prince was celebrated at Hohenschwangau with great rejoicings.

The Prince's military education was confined within the traditional narrow limits of his Royal House. On attaining his majority he was gazetted as an officer in the Army and, for the first and last time, was appointed on duty at the Karlstor in Munich.

The unexpected death of his father cut short the remainder of his military career, and also his attendance at the university of Würzburg. A number of pictures illustrating the youth of King Ludwig II have come down to posterity. One of the most charming of these represents the Royal Family in the little garden at Hohenschwangau, with the towers and turrets of the Castle as background. The handsome manly figure of King Maximilian II, in German national costume, occupies the centre of the picture, his left hand resting affectionately

on the head of the four year old Crown Prince, whose large dark eyes are gazing at his mother. The Queen is sitting at a garden table with little Prince Otto on her knee.



The Crown Prince Ludwig at the age of eighteen.

(United Art Est, Munich.)

In the later pictures one no longer sees any traces of the striking beauty for which the Crown Prince was well known in his young days. The pale complexion of his haggard face forms a strange contrast to the large fiery eyes, only the delicate features remain. His figure is represented as slight

and weak, almost awkward. A youth, gifted with great intellectual talents, educated from infancy in strict preparation for the all-important rôle awaiting him, with a childlike innocent mind full of romantic ideas and therefore all the more calculated to feel sorrow and disappointment, such was the Crown Prince Ludwig, when, no longer guarded over by the anxious care of his parents, he was called upon to take his first decided step in life. A splendid glorious future seemed to await him, but Fate ordained otherwise, and he died an unhappy, miserable man.

It speaks strongly for his good heart and noble-mindedness that he, when speaking to trusted friends, told them how painful it was and how greatly upset he felt, when on turning away from his father's deathbed he was first addressed as "Your Majesty". (How does this correspond with the story repeated in Court circles, that the first act of Ludwig, as King, was to command a substantial, national luncheon?)

Not only did this address cause him to realise the magnitude of the loss he had just sustained, but also the full weight of the heavy burden which his new title brought with it, and he felt how difficult it would be for him, the inexperienced youth, to follow in the footsteps of such a predecessor as his royal father.

And yet nevertheless, Ludwig did comprehend his task and fulfilled it dutifully so long as it was permitted to him to be master over himself.

Pure and innocent as a child, sensitive as a woman, eager and ambitious as a boy to do great deeds, so was Ludwig II when he ascended the throne of the Wittelsbachers.





THE YOUNG KING. 1864—1875.

All eyes were fixed on the young King as he walked, with a firm step and upright carriage, behind the coffin of his royal father. Those hours of anxious watching spent beside the bed of the dying King Maximilian seemed to have matured the beauty of manhood in his young son. His tall, slight figure, his intellectual brow, over which fell the thick clustering curls, and the eager intelligent eye, all were noted with interest by the assembled crowds who were proud to see that their young Monarch looked every inch a King.

On the 12th of March, surrounded by the Ministers and Councillors, Ludwig took the oath on his accession to the throne of Bavaria. Deeply moved, his voice broken by tears, he responded thus to the speech of the Minister President: "It has pleased Almighty God to call away My beloved Father from this earth. It is impossible for Me to tell you what feelings are passing through My heart. The task which lies before Me is a difficult and heavy one, but I build My hopes on God that He will send Me the understanding and strength with which to fulfil it. I will reign true to the oath I have just taken and to the spirit of Our Constitution. All My efforts will be devoted to furthering the welfare of My people, and the greatness of Germany. I ask you to accord Me your assistance in the carrying out of these, My difficult duties."

These words, so full of real feeling and sincerity, went to the hearts of all present.

In equally simple terms the young Monarch gave utterance to his gratitude for the sympathy shown him by his subjects.

"In bending Myself humbly under the cross which God has seen fit to send Me, and all Bavaria, in the death of My dear Father, I find the greatest earthly consolation in the numberless proofs of touching sympathy, by which the inhabitants

of Munich and of the entire country from the very first moment of his illness, have evinced their love and loyal devotion to the Reigning House.



Richard Wagner.

I recognise in this the monition to endeavour to acquire those virtues which made My Royal Father a successful ruler, and assured for him the true and undivided love of his people.

But above all I am longing to express My gratitude to you, who have helped Me by so much sympathy to bear this sorrow which it has pleased God to send Me.

I commission My Ministers to make known this expression of My feelings."

Munich, March 30th.

Ludwig.

Neither of these manifestoes betray the slightest evidence of arrogant self-consciousness, on the contrary, there is so

much noble-mindedness in the appeal for the support of his Ministers and in the promise to promote the welfare of the people, that it is no wonder that the young Monarch succeeded in taking all hearts by storm.

The King succeeded, thanks to his determined will and clear head, in supplying the deficiencies in his knowledge, and a rare combination of intelligence and zeal, added to a remarkable memory, took the place of political experience. He was thus enabled, just in the first 10 years of his reign, to direct the affairs of government with a tactfulness and comprehension far exceeding what might have been expected in one of his years.

When little more than a boy and ignorant of all matters referring to the State, he would often astonish those about him by his clearness of discernment—, this now stood him in good stead and he suffered consequently far less acutely from his lack of actual personal and professional knowledge.

No one regretted more sincerely than did Ludwig himself his early accession to the throne, nevertheless the frequent tactless illusions made to his youth annoyed and hurt him. The Advisers to the Crown were astonished at the independence and assurance of his demeanour and he called forth the admiration of his Ministers by the accuracy of his judgment.

Ludwig retained the Ministers of his father—also his Cabinet Secretary. He caused frequent reports to be made to him and a part of each day was spent in working with one of the Ministers.

His Majesty strove more and more to assert his independence and it was easy to foresee that he would soon succeed in shaking off the yolk of guardianship, especially as understood by Minister v. Schrenk. Immediately after his accession he had rejected the Ambassadors proposed by this Minister to notify to the foreign courts the change on the Bavarian throne. Ludwig wished this Mission to be intrusted to the Princes Luitpold and Adalbert.

Wherever a suggestion was offered to his Majesty, he would invariably ask,—“How would My Father have acted in this case?”

He won the hearts of his State Officials by the affability of his manner, his powers of comprehension, and accurate judgment of the case in point.

The King required that his commands should be immediately and promptly executed—he himself setting the example for expediency by the rapidity with which he carried out all his

undertakings, and if he granted a favour or showed any one any little attention, he expected a quick acknowledgement of the same. There was, however, no undue haste in his decisions, the extraordinary elasticity and energy of his character reminded one forcibly of his grandfather, Ludwig I, and we have innumerable proofs of his unflinching exactitude in the performance of his duties as monarch.

Out of respect for his father's memory Ludwig commanded that the period of national mourning should be extended from three to six months.—Every undertaking commenced by King Maximilian his son ordered to be continued in the same manner. He devoted himself to its cause and giving it all the support in his power, saw it to its completion.

King Ludwig caused a limit to be made in the reduction of the expenses of the Royal Household and for charity by the words: "It was his will that all unnecessary economy and meanness with regard to the employés and needy persons should be done away with".

His Majesty made no change at first in the political principles of his country. Energetic like his father, he supported the Duke of Augustenburg against Austria and Prussia and at the assembling of the Diet he was acknowledged as the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. That this first political act of the King, in the face of the brilliant feat of arms of Düppel and the success of Bismarck's policy, ended in a check was the result of the circumstances. The attitude of Bavaria was not able to withhold the course of events.

This may also have had something to say to the King's partiality for the Liberals—or at least for the representatives of this party, and to the changes which took place in the Ministry—Minister President v. Schrenk was superseded by von der Pfordten, who, although well-intentioned, certainly possessed neither the power nor the genius to conduct the policy of Bavaria so as to be in accord with that ever higher-soaring great power Prussia, who had at its head the brilliantly gifted Bismarck. In Bavaria, however, von der Pfordten had the unanimous support of the Diet, for his opposition to Prussia was welcomed there with undisguised satisfaction.

Ludwig had hardly ascended the throne before he was made the object of enthusiastic admiration and fawning flattery. Much of this may really have been genuine, but for the young romantically-inclined Monarch it was by no means a healthy atmosphere and must have awakened in his Majesty an undue sentiment of self-consciousness. At the moment when all

Germany was held in tension by the Schleswig-Holstein question a poem was dedicated to his Majesty in which the author makes all Germany look to him—the totally inexperienced King of a central state—as the deliverer of that country, and in this manner to find the road to security, which Bismarck had rightly recognised as only to be attained “by blood and iron”.

Also the great musician, Wagner, whose fortune had turned soon after Ludwig's accession to the throne, was not quite without reproach in this respect. In his unspeakable gratitude to his royal patron and saviour he lavished extravagant praise upon him, and that this fell upon very impressionable ground is testified by the gushing response of the King. But if extravagant, it was at least real and heartfelt, for Wagner remained devoted to his Majesty till his death. He was, in fact, the only being who did not requite with base ingratitude the eager longing of this lonely Monarch for sincere, faithful friendship.

The first evidence of the King's partiality for solitude was seen in his selection of apartments at the Residence in Munich. Ludwig's choice fell upon the suite occupied by the Queen, his mother, but her Majesty demurred at quitting the rooms in which she had spent so many years of her happy wedded life, and the King thereupon decided on occupying the apartment situated on the top floor of the north Pavilion, where he was greatly cramped for room. On the representation of the Lord Chamberlain that the suite formerly belonging to King Maximilian would be more convenient, Ludwig replied shortly, “I shall say, when I wish to occupy it”.

In the furnishing of this apartment the King showed that he had commenced to take an active interest in the style in vogue at the time of the Bourbons. The rooms were arranged and furnished in the rococo style after sketches by Seitz and the foundation thereby laid for the significant artistic productions which indissolubly associated the name of his Majesty with the revival of art and technical industry.

A covered way led from the apartments of the King to the Winter Garden. The celebrated gardens at Bieberich, belonging to the Duke of Nassau, had suggested the idea for this fairy-like, really wonderful invention. It was made on the roof of the adjoining Festhalle and brought to completion at the end of the sixties. If Ludwig's first idea was simply to enjoy, even in winter, the atmosphere of mother nature as near as possible to his apartment, it is certain that this delightful retreat did much to strengthen in him the natural love of

solitude. Very few persons can boast the honour of having been personally conducted by his Majesty over this beautiful spot—occasionally some few favoured guests were entertained there at dinner; amongst these were the Empress Elisabeth of Austria and her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, but as a rule the King was alone there.—When lighted up by myriads



The Wintergarden.
(United Art Est. Munich.)

of tiny coloured lamps, and the sounds of Wagner's symphonies, like celestial harmony, were heard in the fairy-like illuminated grove, or a singer from the Court Theatre appeared in the gilded boat drawn by a swan on the tiny lake and sang the great "Aria", then the garden seemed filled with the enchantment of Fairyland and one can hardly blame the young romantic Monarch for preferring this retreat above all the pleasures and enjoyments which his Capital was able to afford him.

One of his Majesty's greatest deeds was the summoning of Richard Wagner to his Court. Ludwig, much taken by his works and recognising their greatness, felt it to be his duty to do all in his power to assist this misunderstood and despised genius, who, by breaking through all hitherto accepted traditions and customs, had raised a storm of indignation about his head.

The King's Secretary, Herr v. Pfistermeister, was commissioned by his Majesty to seek Wagner out (who at this time was greatly worried by money and other troubles and in despair of seeing his cherished hopes brought to realisation) and invite him to the Bavarian Court. Wagner was at Stuttgart, doing his utmost to get his works produced, but he at once accepted the royal invitation and, after the genius of the great composer, the whole civilised world owes it to Ludwig II of Bavaria that it is to-day in possession of those three incomparable jewels "The Meistersinger", "The Ring of the Nibelung" and "Parsifal". His Majesty became now the guardian spirit of Wagner, and if he did afford him material aid, he never gave beyond his means, and the great master showed himself worthy of the King's generosity, for he did not celebrate his triumphs by resting on his oars and leading an idle luxurious life, on the contrary, the King's favours spurred him on to new and astonishing activity and success.

The generally believed idea that his Majesty's friendship with Wagner led to his neglecting his duties as monarch is a mistake. On the contrary, the King saw to their fulfilment with punctuality and exactitude and, jealous for his rights, permitted no one to influence him or to interfere in his complete independence. Wagner also relates how every attempt to gain political influence over the King was utterly unavailing—"For his Majesty would gaze up into the air and whistle as soon as he (Wagner) began to speak of such matters."

Wagner's sole object in petitioning the King to summon such and such a composer to his Court was to further the cause of music and the production of his works. It was a noble and unselfish act of Wagner's to direct his royal patron's attention to the much misunderstood composer, Peter Cornelius, and it should not be forgotten that this Master owed the happiness of the last few years of his life to this act of Wagner's, united to the generosity of his Majesty.

That it was scarcely possible for the King to have spent very much time in company with Wagner can be gathered from the fact that just at the period when the latter was in

Munich (1864—65) his Majesty was greatly occupied with Court festivities, receptions, visiting and travelling. Also Wagner himself had little time at his disposal, for he had commenced to compose anew, and now that he was freed from all material cares, he shut himself up for days and devoted himself to his work. Nevertheless the opportunity was soon seized to find cause for complaint in the friendship between the King and the Artist.

Wagner recognised sooner than did his Majesty (whose belief in mankind hid from him the darker side in human nature) that it would not be permitted to him to realise the fulfilment of his hopes in Munich.

The first production of the Song of Love "Tristan and Isolde", a work in which Wagner, with incomparable genius, had combined music, poetry and stage technique, raised in Munich in literary and artistic circles a perfect storm of favourable and dogmatic opinions. The King himself was absolutely charmed with it, and both he and Wagner allowed themselves to indulge in the hope that Munich must be the spot on which the sublime Temple of New German Art should be erected, from which, like an eagle, the wings would spread themselves out in a flight of victory.

And just when the King thought to put his proud work into execution, opposition began to arise, and public opinion became more and more excited over the friendship of his Majesty with the poet, over the luxurious life led by Wagner at the expense of the King's private income, at the inconsiderate behaviour of Wagner's friends. Libellous letters and caricatures about the "Wagalawara Composer" appeared in shoals, and so King and Poet-Composer saw themselves separated by space, although remaining spiritually united to each other until death. It had even been suggested to his Majesty that a revolution was on the point of breaking out, and yet on the face of this his subjects were astonished that Ludwig saw fit to take extra measures for his safety when driving in his Capital.

Wagner had returned to Switzerland. The King, who like his noble father, wished always to be at peace with his people, had yielded to their wishes, but the first sharp thorn had penetrated his trusting heart. Nevertheless he was still pursued by the eager desire to erect the "Festspielhaus" after the clever plans drawn up by Semper, and to construct a splendid road between it and the Residenz. For after the storm which had swept Wagner away from Munich, a lull had

set in, and his works were taken up with ever-increasing interest and admiration, the composer even appearing from time to time in the city. But his Majesty's pet plan, the building of the theatre, was made distasteful to him by the numberless objections raised against it—by the apparent impossibility of obtaining a sufficient sum of money to defray the costs—, and the Town Council, with extraordinary short-sightedness as to their interests, refused to entertain the idea. Later events soon showed how much, not only Munich, but the whole of Bavaria had lost by this ill-considered action—what an enormous source of income had been directed from the country. By the failure of this plan, too, which was by no means the mere passing fancy of a Prince, another bitter and undeserved blow was dealt at Ludwig, which not only helped to destroy his future, but also to embitter him against his Capital. The King—unlike his father—was not philosophical enough to accept such rebuffs with placid equanimity. The millions which his subjects thought to have saved him were devoted all the same to art and building, Munich however, during the life-time of his Majesty, only profiting by it to a very small extent.

The King and Wagner were seen together for the last time in public in Munich at the first production of the "Meistersinger" in June, 1868. The great composer, by command of his royal patron, sat by the King's side in the royal box and when, at the conclusion of the opera, the crowded House clamoured for Wagner, he arose at the request of his Majesty and bowed his acknowledgements.

The "Festival Play House" which the inhabitants of Munich had refused to see erected in their midst, was built some years later not far from Bayreuth, and when, in the year 1876, "The Ring of the Nibelung" was given there, his Majesty, now a serious and melancholic man, tore himself away from the self-sought loneliness of his beloved mountains in order to share and enjoy with his artist friend the greatest triumph he had yet achieved. The King at this time was not so much under the spell of the Wagner School as is generally supposed to have been the case. The German classics were in nowise neglected, and Schiller especially, had always possessed an immense attraction for him. Many of his works were now given by command of his Majesty at the Court Theatre, and these were followed by those of Goethe, Shakespeare, and some of the French classics, all of which were followed by the King with the deepest interest and attention.



King Ludwig takes part in the Corpus Christi Procession.

The first years of the reign of Ludwig II form a happy contrast to the end of the same. He spent, at that time, the greater part of the year in his Capital, and if the Court were moved now and again to the delightfully situated Castle Berg on the Starnberger Lake, or to Hohenschwangau, it was always only a matter of days or weeks.

The King paid several visits to his favourite Castle of Berg during the first happy years of his reign. Here on moonlight nights he would wander round the lake for hours in his little steamer "Tristan", or land at the "Roseninsel", the tiny islet which had been transformed into a veritable rose-wood—or he would visit the Ducal family at Castle Possenhofen, where the beautiful Empress Elisabeth of Austria delighted to pass the summer months. From Berg too, his Majesty would start every year on his first long spring excursion—, riding along the shores of the beautiful Voralp Lake through the Valley of the Isar to Vorderriss.

When the King stayed at Hohenschwangau he would visit, in company with his royal mother, all the favourite haunts of his childhood, or spend hours riding in the Graswang and Lech Valleys to the Fernstein Lakes, everywhere recognised and warmly greeted by the loyal peasantry. As in Munich he had won all hearts by the affability of his manners, so here in his mountains, where he mixed freely with the simple honest mountain folk, ever lending a ready ear and an open hand to every tale of distress, and appearing as a frequent guest at the various little mountain inns. (Schluxeu, Länd near Füssen and Fernstein.) Busy tongues found stories to relate of his Majesty's friendship with the daughters of the foresters, but these were pure inventions, as much so as that relating to the lady from the Court Theatre, who at his Majesty's request, was frequently summoned to sing in the Winter Garden and with whom it was asserted the King was on terms of undue intimacy.

The streets of the Capital were lined with rows of birch-trees clothed in their tender green of spring, when, in the year 1864, his Majesty, followed by his suite, took part in the great and solemn Corpus Christi Procession.

This was his first public appearance as King, and the people gazed at him as at a supernatural being. His Majesty, bearing a lighted taper in his hand, stepped slowly and reverently behind the Host and so overcome by the solemnity of the occasion as to be utterly oblivious of the fact that he was the centre of all eyes.

This impressive ceremony, in which the King took part on various later occasions, gives us here an opportunity of mentioning the attitude of his Majesty as regards the Church. All his life Ludwig had given evidence of deep religious feeling—a religion which, however, was never either fanatical or narrow. The duties which the Church imposed upon him were a source of happiness to him and they were invariably faithfully and punctually fulfilled. If, in later years, he sometimes held back from participating in public religious ceremonies in his Capital—or, as for instance at the Miserere on Good Friday in the church of S. Michael, or the Midnight Service at Christmas in the Cathedral, attended them accompanied only by his mother or a single adjutant, this must be attributed to his deep-rooted objection to being made, always and everywhere, the object of universal curiosity and attention.

At Berg, Hohenschwangau and Linderhof Ludwig always—to the very end of his life,—caused mass to be read for him—generally in the middle of the night—and when staying at the above places he would frequently be observed amongst the worshippers in the village Churches, following the Service with the greatest devotion and attention. At such times his eye seemed to shine bright and clear as in the days of his youth and to lose the unnatural fixed stare which had become now almost habitual to it. A few months before his death the King visited on Good Friday Mount Calvary (Kalvarienberg) near Füssen, and prayed at each one of the Stations of the Cross. A touching picture—the lonely unhappy Monarch deep in prayer at the foot of the Crucified—on the following day he attended (dressed in black) the Church Service at Pinswang. Even so late as in the year 1875, his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, his mother, attended, unobserved by the congregation, the Midnight Service in the Cathedral in Munich and it was only on the following day, when a Court footman appeared to claim an umbrella left behind in mistake by the King, that the inhabitants of Munich heard of his Majesty having been present in the Church.

Every evening the King unfolded a small portable Russian Altar—a valuable piece of byzantine gold and enamel workmanship—and placed it on the little table beside his bed. At Schachen a picture of the Madonna and Child was introduced into the head of the bed, and in the beautiful little Chapel adjoining the bedroom the prie-dieu shows visible signs of constant use.

Ludwig had ordered from an artist in Munich a valuable Prayer-book in byzantine style—but it was not completed

during the life-time of his Majesty and now adorns a museum in England.—When once driving in Landshut the King was met by a Priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a dying person. His Majesty caused his carriage to be stopped, and descending, he knelt down reverently as the Priest passed. Ludwig, who took a deep interest in theological subjects, frequently requested Professor Döllinger to explain to him various obtuse passages in the Bible and also to give his opinion on different dogmatical questions. The works too of Professor Döllinger he read with great attention and interest.

His Majesty showed a great respect for the House of God. In the Church of All Saints', which he was in the habit of attending regularly for some time after his accession to the throne, he one day observed the gentlemen opposite him engaged in conversation. He instantly sent one of his Adjutants across to them with the injunction to impress upon the delinquents that they were in the House of God—. Shortly before the drama at Hohenschwangau he handed his well-used Prayer-book as a souvenir to one of his servants, with the words: "Pray for Me".

The religiousness of his Majesty went hand in hand with his kindheartedness. He made every possible use of his royal rights to grant pardon to offenders, and only on very rare occasions were executions permitted to be carried out.

A scene which took place during the Midnight Matins on Christmas Day at All Saints' Church in the year 1875 bears witness to this.

An execution, which had attracted considerable attention owing to the circumstances attending it, had taken place a few days previously in Munich—the guilty man—a strikingly handsome young fellow, 20 years of age, by name Battistella, had been condemned to death for robbery and murder. As was announced at the time by the newspapers, his Majesty had resolved on the petition of the poor old parents to pardon their son, but this, owing to political reasons, was found to be utterly impossible and the King, in consequence, was greatly upset.

His Majesty knelt during the Christmas Night Matins by the side of his mother, deep in prayer. Suddenly he laid down his Prayer-book, and burying his face in his hands, burst into sobs. The Queen, greatly alarmed, signed to Prince Luitpold, who was in an adjoining pew, to come to her assistance. The Prince bent down and spoke to his Majesty, whereupon Ludwig rose and retreating a few steps, leant his

head on the shoulder of his uncle, who conducted him into his apartments. The remembrance of the unhappy man who had had to pay for his evil deed with the price of his young life and the sorrow of the aged parents had been the cause of this agitation, especially as his Majesty realised to the full the responsibility of his position as King in having been obliged to affix his signature to the death-warrant.

King Ludwig was of a very generous disposition—no poor or unhappy person applied to him for help in vain, and when his people were visited by calamities he contributed really royal sums to their assistance.

In June, 1864, his Majesty received the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, who were en route for Bad Kissingen. The King had always felt greatly attracted towards the beautiful Empress. She was his ideal of a true woman—she, on her side, returning his admiration and respect with real affection, to which she continued steadfast until his death. Two days later King Ludwig surprised the Imperial Couple by his visit to Kissingen, where at this moment the Czar and Czarina were likewise staying. How greatly the King enjoyed his visit to this charming watering-place can be gathered from the fact that the four days, which he had intended to remain there, were extended to exactly so many weeks. His Majesty was the centre point—the darling of the entire society of Kissingen. It was related in those days that the daughter of the Czar and Czarina, the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandrowna, had awakened the first feelings of love in the King. It is at any rate certain that he devoted himself to her with great interest and princely courtesy. Hardly had he returned from Kissingen before he set off for Schwalbach, whither the Czarina, in company with her young daughter, had repaired in order to complete the cure commenced at Kissingen. Schwalbach, situated in a lovely valley surrounded by beautiful beech-woods, would have been just the spot for the love-makings of the handsome princely couple, but it can be easily believed that for one of his Majesty's bringing-up and character, love-making was no easy matter.—Whether the courage or the love failed him, we do not know, but it is at any rate a fact that his attentions to the young Princess went no further than to accompany her on her many walks and excursions.

The King visited Schlangenbad and the picturesque ruin of Hohenstein, and from here he extended his travels to Bieberich, where the beautiful gardens of the Duke of Nassau interested him greatly, and which formed the model for his

own winter garden in later years in Munich. From here his Majesty visited the Rhine and no one recognised the King



King Ludwig on horseback.

of Bavaria in the person of the quiet dreamy youth, who on the journey from Mayence to Cologne was wrapped up in delighted contemplation of the beautiful scenery through which he was passing. On the 9th of August he reached Frankfort,

where he spent the night. His Majesty at once sought out the Goethe-House, and the past events of his life were vividly recalled to his memory. Goethe reminded him of the great Master whose patron he had become, and just as he was united to Wagner by real warm devotion, so the creative genius of Goethe awakened in him feelings of the deepest respect and admiration.

Towards the middle of August his Majesty returned home to Hohenschwangau and here he received for the first time a visit from King William I of Prussia. It is much to be regretted that Prince Bismarck, who was occupied in conferring with the Bavarian Ministers in their Capital, did not at this time come together with his Majesty, for it is almost certain that this giant, in appearance and opinions the very embodiment of Prussian politics, filled with courage and fiery convictions, would have succeeded in leading the ideas of the youthful King into an other and healthier channel.

In spite of his small sympathy for military matters, Ludwig saw himself obliged on September 17th, 1864, to hold a review over part of his troops and to show himself for the first time to his army as their Head. This review furnished the subject for an excellent picture by the painter Adam, to which he gave the title, "King Ludwig and his Staff".

The appearance of his Majesty, accompanied by his brother Otto and a large suite, at the great October Fête was hailed with delight by the crowds of people who had collected from all parts of the country to take part in the merry-makings at the Fair. In the evening, for the first time since his accession, the King visited the Court Theatre and his entry gave occasion to a universal outburst of joy and welcome.

Returning from one of his long rides to Partenkirchen he found at his Castle of Hohenschwangau a welcome visitor in the person of the Grand Duke Nikolaus of Russia awaiting him.

On the 7th of April, 1865, the King, on the occasion of the assembling of the members of the Diet (which in 1863 had been prorogued only) entertained them all at dinner. His toast to his guests was as follows:

"Since the Diet was prorogued the last time no opportunity has been afforded Me of addressing the Representatives of My Country. To-day I have collected round Me the Deputies of the Diet in order to offer them My royal greeting. I raise My glass to Our dear Bavarian Fatherland and its Representatives!"

The First President replied to this speech by calling on all present to drink to the health of his Majesty, a toast which

was warmly responded to. The King chatted pleasantly with his guests, who on taking their departure enthusiastically cheered his Majesty again and again. This was the first and likewise last occasion on which his Majesty ever met the Representatives of his country on such an informal and social footing.

Meantime the political condition of Germany was becoming worse. The development of the German question was about to be rapidly solved. At the command of the King the Government drew up a general pardon for those members of the Army who had taken part in the rising in 1849, which was received and accepted with acclamation by the House, and which bears witness to the kindheartedness of his Majesty.

On the 23rd of August, 1865, King William of Prussia arrived in Munich from Bad Gastein, where the conclusion of the convention with Austria had again set aside the rupture which was threatening to break out between the two German great Powers. His Majesty was accorded, by order of King Ludwig, an imposing reception and escorted to his hotel. In the evening the Prussian King visited the Court Theatre, on the following morning the National Museum (which at that time was still in the Herzog-Maxburg) and Gasteig Gardens, after which he continued his journey to Hohenschwangau, where, on the 25th of August, he celebrated with King Ludwig, the latter's name-day and 20th birth-day.

This was the last occasion on which the two Monarchs met as friends. Their next meeting took place after the civil war, in which their respective armies had stood in hot warfare one against the other.

The reason why King Ludwig, also on this occasion, failed to receive his royal guest in the Capital may be attributed to his dislike of the military display to which this reception there would have given cause, also perhaps because his Majesty was well aware of the anti-Prussian feeling which at that period dominated his whole country, and more especially his Capital.

A highly successful production of Schiller's "William Tell" on October 18th seemed to have made a great impression on his Majesty, and he was seized with the desire to seek out and visit the scene of this fight for freedom and so strengthen the impressions already made upon his mind—he may also have had the wish to verify the descriptions given of the country by the poet, for he—the enthusiastic student of Schiller's works—was undoubtedly well aware that the writer had never been in Switzerland. The journey of his Majesty

was kept a profound secret, but was made known to the public by the appearance, on the 24th of October, of the following article in the *Schwyzer Zeitung*:

"Late yesterday evening a tourist, accompanied by an attendant, announced himself at the Townhall to view the building. He regards with interest the portraits of the old patriots—inquires eagerly about the people and country, and stands with evident partiality before those pictures which illustrate the histories of Tell and Rütli.—We meet the same tourist at about the same hour of the evening in a local book-shop. He asks for books and pictures which bear reference to Switzerland, and especially to the heroes and classical parts of the *Urschweiz*, and his remarks give ample evidence of the warm and sincere interest he feels in the same. His appearance—a very young man, with a tall slight elegant figure, his aristocratic and yet affable manner, and the bearing of his attendant, denote him to be no ordinary tourist.—To-day we learn that it was the young King of Bavaria, who has inherited from his grandfather the gift of love and understanding for art and classical works.—He arrived here incognito from Lucerne, took rooms at the Hôtel "zum Rössli" at Brunnen, visited the Rütli, Tellsplatte and Staufacher Chapel near Steinen and intends to-day to go and see the "hohle Gasse" at Küssnacht. The country of William Tell sends a warm greeting to the royal young friend!"

King Ludwig sent to the newspaper the following words of thanks.

"Dear Mr. Editor,

I read to-day with sincere pleasure the hearty greeting from the country of William Tell, and I return the same with all My heart. I also greet My dear friends from the *Urschweiz*, for whom already as a child I had an especial affection. The remembrance of My visit to the interior of Switzerland, as well as of the free honest people—whom may God bless!—will always remain dear to Me. With kindest wishes I am yours most sincerely

Hohenschwangau, Nov. 2nd 1865.

Ludwig."

In November 1865 the Bavarian Government caused it to be made known in Florence that his Majesty was ready to receive an Ambassador from the Kingdom of Italy. This was another proof of the King's statesmanlike genius, which made all the deeper impression, as his father had refused to acknowledge the Italian Kingdom and the House of Wittelsbach was so nearly connected with the dethroned reigning Houses of Italy.

The preparations for war of Austria and Saxony, the ultimatum of Prussia to the Diet, and the calling out of the Prussian Militia showed that the German question, like the Gordon knot, was to be solved by the sword. On the 10th of May, 1866, a Royal Proclamation ordered the mobilisation of the Bavarian army and the meeting of Parliament.

It can easily be seen from the reports of that time that his Majesty's behaviour already showed signs of what was to follow in later years. In these days of suspense and anxiety it was taken by the people in very bad part that the King moved from Munich to Berg, for his presence in the Capital might have been necessary at any moment. It also became known that he spent days on the Roseninsel, where fireworks were let off, and his Majesty amused himself with his Adjutant, Prince Taxis, riding and chosing scenes out of Tannhäuser and Lohengrin to be painted on china, as if there were no signs of war in the air.—Pressing telegrams from the Minister President remained unanswered, and when von der Pfordten went off himself to Berg, he found that his telegrams had not even been opened. The Chamber of Deputies, who had asked when they might present their address, likewise received no answer, and when the equerry to the Royal stud, Graf Holnstein, arrived at Berg with his report, the King gave him to understand that he had no time, he could tell the body-groom what he had to say.

By all this, and from the remarks made by his Majesty, it is easy to see that Ludwig had the greatest horror of the civil war in which politics and diplomacy were threatening to involve Bavaria, also that he, in contradistinction to his people, was in nowise satisfied with the wavering policy of von der Pfordten. In addition to this, the King's pride had been deeply wounded by the active part that Minister had played in banishing Richard Wagner from the Capital, and it could only have been the necessity of the moment which induced him to keep him at his post.

On the 22nd of May, 1866, the whole Capital was thrown into a great state of excitement by the news that his Majesty had suddenly quitted Berg, accompanied only by his Adjutant and one servant, and without giving the name of his destination. Telegrams were despatched in all directions. The news then came from Lindau that the King had left in strict incognito by steamer for Rorschach and from thence had gone to Lucerne, to visit Wagner. Even the foreign press took the matter up and expressed its strong disapproval of the King's behaviour in

this critical moment, and published articles entitled "A Country seeking its King."—However, two days later, Ludwig returned to Munich and with great pomp opened, in the Throne Room of the Residenz, the Diet by a speech, in which he expressed it to be his hope and wish "to see Germany spared the horrors of a civil war," but yet at the same time declaring it to be his firm determination to support with all his might "the rights of the alliance, the interests of the German nation and the independence of Bavaria."

The military loan demanded by the government was unanimously granted by the Diet. With the disastrous voting on the 14th of June the die had fallen at Frankfurt—the fury of civil war was set loose. The Military Convention signed on the same day at Olmütz only received the unwilling consent of his Majesty on the 30th of June.

The King, who was at Berg at the time, did not take leave of his troops on their departure from the Capital, but on the 25th of June he hurried to Bamberg, which was the headquarters of his Army and the command of which had been undertaken by his uncle, Prince Karl of Bavaria. He inspected the troops quartered there, and in a General Order issued from Munich he greeted his brave soldiers in warm, appreciative terms. Also in his Proclamation to his people on the 30th of June he expresses his fervent hope "that the bravery of his troops and that of his Allies may succeed in obtaining the victory in the right cause." The course of events decided against Bavaria and its Allies. The Bavarian Army would undoubtedly have maintained its reputation for military glory, but the disadvantages of a 50 years period of peace, and its inferior equipment told strongly against it, and it was, notwithstanding its bravery, unable to cope with the enemy.

The sharp criticism to which this gave rise need not be taken into account in considering the life of his Majesty—the result of the war will have been for Ludwig just as unexpected as painful, but he was clever enough to see that this was not the moment for complaint and dejection—that the complete revolution of all German conditions would demand also a change in the politics of his own country. So it came about that the Conclusion of Peace between Prussia and Bavaria was not a peace dictated and forced by the victorious party, but a complete, thorough and genuine reconciliation. The credit of this must be given to the great Chancellor Bismarck. It had appeared at the commencement of the negotiations as if the conqueror were about to lay hands on the Frankish Provinces, an action,

which, as Bismarck rightly saw, would embitter Bavaria against his country and in consequence injure her future. He therefore opposed the measure with all the energy of his character, and in saving Bavaria this bitter blow, secured for himself the heartfelt gratitude of her Monarch.

How intensely Ludwig, who was forced to be an inactive, helpless spectator of this bloody struggle, must have suffered! The bitter, painful experience cleared his vision and he recognised that the salvation of Bavaria lay in a close union with the predominant German power.

The King showed his warm appreciation of the services of his brave and severely wounded cousin, Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, by conferring on him one of his oldest and most glorious regiments, and at the Conclusion of Peace, he sent, deeply moved, the following telegram to the victorious King of Prussia.

"Now that Peace has been concluded between Us, and a firm and lasting friendship established between Our Houses and States, I am longing to give this also an outward symbolical expression by suggesting to Your Majesty to occupy jointly with Me the ancient Castle of Your Ancestors at Nürnberg. When the banners of the Hohenzollern and Wittelsbacher float united from the pinnacles of this Our joint ancestral Castle may it be accepted as a symbol that Prussia and Bavaria are watching together over the future of Germany—which Fate, by the hand of Your Majesty, has now directed into other channels."

The dawn of a new era had broken over Bavaria, and its King understood the signs of the same. So it came about, that when he made up his mind to visit his provinces afflicted by the war, the progress of the defeated King was a victorious progress, here he realised that his decision, which had been hailed with joy by the whole country, had, in spite of the disastrous war, only tended to increase his popularity.

On the 10th of November, 1866, his Majesty, accompanied by a large suite, set out on a journey, his first destination being Bayreuth, and here he was received with marked signs of joy by the people, and the town brilliantly illuminated in his honour. After two days the King left Bayreuth for Bamberg, where he was accorded a brilliant reception by their Majesties, the King and Queen of Greece, and the chief officials of the town. In the evening, his Majesty, accompanied by his royal relatives, drove through the streets to see the illuminations. A court dinner, audiences, a brilliant ball at the Concordia,

a review of the troops, a gala production at the Theatre, visits to the wounded soldiers and various establishments kept his Majesty greatly occupied during the few days of his visit, at the termination of which he set out for Bad Kissingen.

A slight indisposition obliged the King, to the intense regret of the inhabitants, to give up his projected visit to Schweinfurt. After resting for some hours, however, his Majesty was sufficiently recovered by the evening to receive various persons in audience and to be present at the gala dinner and serenade. On the following day, in spite of a heavy snowstorm, his Majesty visited the scene of the battle on the 10th of July, when his troops had distinguished themselves by their bravery in the terrible conflict.

Continuing his journey the King went to Hammelburg and Aschaffenburg, everywhere equally joyfully greeted and welcomed. From Aschaffenburg his Majesty paid a visit to the Court at Darmstadt. The arrival of the King at Würzburg gave rise to great demonstrations on the part of the people, who, assembled in a dense crowd on the wide Parade in front of the Residency, cheered his Majesty again and again. During the play at the theatre the King asked to see the Director, and on his appearing, inquired about his different rôles. On his mentioning amongst others, that of Mortimer in Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, Ludwig asked him to repeat a few passages, which the Director, of course unprepared, did to the best of his ability, his Majesty himself helping him out now and again with the missing word.

A return of the feverish symptoms which had hindered the King from going to Schweinfurt now again threatened to cause a break in the festive programme, but his Majesty quickly recovered, and the few days of his visit were filled up by reviewing the troops, visiting the military hospitals and other institutions, dinners, balls, etc. From Würzburg, also, he visited the scenes of the battles of Rossbrunn, Helmstadt and Uettingen, from which the King returned deeply affected and in no mood to attend the special production at the theatre arranged in his honour for the same evening.

On quitting Würzburg his Majesty went to Nürnberg, where he took up his residence in the ancient Royal Castle overlooking the city. Here again the inhabitants had done their utmost to show their devotion and loyalty to their sovereign, and the festive programme hardly gave the King time to enjoy quietly the beauty of the town and its surroundings, all of which awakened in Ludwig's mind so many and varied memories,



King Ludwig II and his Staff.

with which his friend Wagner was so closely connected. After the review of the troops, at which his Majesty had appeared in the uniform of a Field Marshall, he rode, accompanied only by his Aide-de-camp, across to the town of Fürth, where his visit was totally unexpected. After inspecting some of the manufactories, he returned to Nürnberg by rail, where in a few days, and at his special invitation, he was joined by his brother Otto.

On the 10th of December, his Majesty, accompanied by Prince Otto, took leave of Nürnberg and returned to his Capital, where the loyal and brilliant welcome accorded him by his subjects formed a fitting and pleasing termination to the festivities of the preceding weeks.

King Ludwig had now had ample proofs of the true love and devotion of his loyal subjects, and if he never again associated with them on such an intimate footing when travelling through his country, it was because he was a sick man and unable to overcome his dislike at being made the object of public attention.

The year 1866 was a turning point also in the political attitude of the King. Up to the present he had adhered strictly to all the traditions of his father—now, however, he entered on an entirely different track, and the changes in the Cabinet at the commencement of the year 1867 gave the signal for the new era. The list of ministers was headed by Prince Chlodwig v. Hohenlohe, who later became Lord Chancellor, and whose aim was the union of Germany under the guidance of Prussia. Next to him, as Minister of War, came the brave defender of Kissingen, Baron v. Pranckh, who, at the reorganisation of the Bavarian Army in 1870, rendered his country such signal service. Dr. Lutz, whose name was destined to play such an important rôle in the history of King Ludwig II, was appointed Minister of Justice. In the Second Chamber Hohenlohe found, at first, a friendly disposition to meet his strong ideas on the subject of the union, which far and away surpassed his expectations and hopes—however the liberal tendencies of the Ministers soon raised a storm amongst the reactionary party, which, nourished by a violent campaign carried on by the press, showed itself in embittered opposition to the School Law and the new Customs Treaty with the North German Confederation.

Higher and higher rose the waves of party strife in the Diet, which, on the 17th of January, 1870, was opened by his Majesty himself by a speech from the Throne. The debate

on the address afforded almost the entire Upper Chamber, and the majority of the Lower, the opportunity of expressing their disapproval of the Hohenlohe Ministry. One must admire the firmness of his Majesty (who was deeply wounded by these events) that he defended the rights of the Crown against this attack. He caused it to be made known to those Royal Princes who had taken part in the voting against his Ministers, that their presence would be dispensed with for the present at Court. A step, which, at the advice of Hohenlohe, was afterwards retracted. The Councillors of the Kingdom who had decided against the scheme of the Address were invited, together with the Ministers, to a dinner at Court, but the King let the Upper Chamber feel the full weight of his displeasure, and on the Ministers of the same asking when his Majesty would be pleased to receive the address, Ludwig returned an unmistakeable rebuff, at the same time addressing the following to the Chamber.

"The Address of the Chamber of Councillors, by unanimous attacks made without any actual or lawfully tangible grounds against the whole of the present Ministry, has failed to show that spirit of reconciliation in which I, in My Speech from the Throne, came forward to meet the Representatives of the Country, thereby rendering impossible My acceptance of the same.

I shall not, however, on that account fail to restore to the Country the peace which has been disturbed by excess of Party Movement.

With this, My decision, the First President of the Chamber of Councillors is to be made immediately acquainted."

At the Court Ball, also, his Majesty took the part of Hohenlohe against the President of the Chamber, saying to him, "Now you want to take away My Minister from Me; that will not do. I know you dislike Hohenlohe because of his leanings towards Prussia. Yes, he had Prussian tendencies, but he has been converted, he has them no longer."

But

"Es rast der See, er will sein Opfer haben."

On the 14th of February Hohenlohe had a conference which lasted two hours with his Majesty, and during this time he begged the King to let him retire from his post, but this was not permitted to him until the 8th of March.

In the year 1867 an event occurred which, from the change which afterwards came over his Majesty, should not be undervalued in importance.



The Royal Fiancés.

On the 22nd of January the news was spread abroad that the King had become engaged to the Archduchess Sofie of Bavaria, the beautiful sister of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria. It appeared that, although Ludwig had never paid her any particular attention, she had been greatly attracted to him for some time past. She liked playing Wagner's Operas to him. This year she appeared at the Court ball in a Parisian gown of silver material, wearing the costly jewels of her mother and looking charmingly beautiful, but the King did not take much notice of her. Just a week later a ball was given by the Officers, and on quitting it, his Majesty was heard to remark to those about him "There were many beautiful women here to-night, but My cousin Sofie was the most beautiful of all." This was the first time he had ever been known to mention her. The frequent visits of his Majesty to the Ducal Palace in Munich and to Schloss Possenhofen had never attracted attention. Therefore all the more reason that high and low should now unite in rejoicing at this marriage, which was a real union of hearts.

The surprising nature of the event seemed to suit the romantic character of the King, and it was characteristic of him that he, who was certainly no adept at making love, should ask his mother to act for him in demanding the hand of the Princess in marriage. On the evening of the day on which the engagement had taken place the King and his mother were present in the Royal Box at the Court Theatre, the Princess and her brother occupying a side box. After the first act the Queen conducted the young Princess into the Royal Box, which caused great surprise amongst the audience, as such a thing had never before been known to happen. No one had any suspicions of the engagement, which was afterwards made known at a party at Prince Oettingen's, and published the following morning in the papers.

The King and his fiancée were an unusually handsome couple, and their photos quickly appeared in the shop-windows, and in almost every newspaper. The news of the engagement was made formally known to the two Houses, which hastened to draw up a congratulatory address. Ludwig communicated the intelligence of his forthcoming marriage to his grandfather, King Ludwig I, who was then in Rome, and his Majesty replied by a sonnet, to which a fresco painting at Pompeii had given him the idea.

The engaged couple looked radiantly happy—everywhere they appeared together in public—at the Court Ball—at the

Theatre—and when the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie passed through Munich Ludwig was at the station to receive them and introduce to them the future Queen of Bavaria.

The preparations, which were on a large and extensive scale, were all completed, and the Royal Wedding was fixed for the 12th of October, which was likewise the anniversary of the marriages both of the King's father and grandfather. On this day, too, 8 poor honest couples were to receive a wedding portion paid for out of the private purse of his Majesty, when suddenly one heard

“Love is dead.”

All Bavaria was struck with consternation. The news of the breaking off of the engagement caused, if possible, even greater astonishment than had the announcement of it. The reason assigned was that it was the mutual wish of both parties concerned, but as might be expected, all sorts of rumours were instantly spread about, all of which, however, were later proved to be utterly incorrect and unfounded. The fact is, his Majesty had desired to postpone the wedding for 2 years, a proposal which met with the decided disapproval of the parents of the bride, and the Duke accordingly applied to the King to give back the promise made to him by his daughter.

This request was instantly complied with by his Majesty, and the Court removed from Berg (as being, under the circumstances, too near to Possenhofen, the residence of the Ducal Family) to Hohenschwangau.

The breaking off of the engagement, which naturally attracted widespread attention, must have been a painful solving of the youthful happiness of his Majesty—he had now again suffered a bitter disappointment. Ludwig was free, and he remained all his life the most chaste admirer of women, but doubtless a great part of his love of solitude in later years can be traced back to this event.—Still one can hardly fancy that marriage would have hindered the later developments of his character, for artists' marriages seldom turn out happily. The King had approached a woman with feelings of ideal enthusiasm, to be quickly disappointed, and with the blow to renounce for ever all happiness in love.

Ludwig's idea of women was too exalted, too unnatural, therefore the disappointment was bound to come sooner or later.

The King was too kind-hearted to let others suffer by his own misfortunes, and the 8 poor couples, who were to have been united in marriage on the same day as himself, therefore received their portion of 600 fl. (£ 50) each, as had been

previously arranged, and the pardons usually granted to offenders on such occasions of national rejoicing were likewise not forgotten.



Ludwig as a Knight of S. George.

In the year 1867 King Ludwig, surrounded by all the pomp and brilliancy of his Court, held for the first time the solemn festival of the Order of S. George. The object of this Order was the "Defence of the Immaculate Conception" but Ludwig,

stimulated by a sermon preached on the occasion by Provost von Döllinger, determined to extend the charitable activity of the Order, the principal aim of which was now to be the founding and building of hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers.

During this year (1867) his Majesty undertook various journeys. Having in his head the idea to erect on the precipitous rocks of the Schwangau a Castle similar to that of the "Wartburg," Ludwig, following a spontaneous impulse, started off, accompanied by his brother Otto, to Eisenach in order to examine his model more closely. This trip was followed shortly by another to Paris to visit the Exhibition—here he travelled incognito attended only by a very small suite. The Emperor Napoleon, who this year had to do the honours of France to nearly all the Rulers in Europe, received the visit of the King of Bavaria with marked cordiality. King Ludwig inspected the Exhibition with great interest. He was a frequent guest at the celebrated Paris Stage Institute, where he witnessed the Operas *Don Carlos*, *The African Woman*, *Mignon* and *Romeo and Juliet*, works which at that time were hardly known in Germany.

Paris was naturally full of interest for his Majesty. The Tuilleries brought before his mind the unhappy Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and Chateau Compiègne, whither Napoleon had accompanied his royal guest, the sad fate of the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, who had been taken prisoner here before the walls of the town. The Emperor, knowing the interest the King took in architecture, extended the excursion to Chateau Pierrefonds, which just restored, presented the appearance of one of the strongest and most extensive castles of by-gone ages. Here, after a Military Parade, dinner was served, at which were also present as guests of Napoleon, the King of Portugal, Prince Anton v. Hohenzollern and his son, Prince Leopold.

In Paris King Ludwig received the unexpected news of the death of his uncle, the unfortunate King Otto of Greece, and on July 30th he was present in Munich at the funeral ceremonies—the mortal remains of his Majesty being laid to rest at S. Kajetan. On the 18th of August King Ludwig had the opportunity of greeting the Empress Eugenie, who was accompanying Napoleon to Salzburg. Napoleon had interrupted his journey at Augsburg in order to freshen up the memories of his youthful days. Whilst paying a visit to the gymnasium of S. Ann, it was announced to him that King Ludwig had arrived. The meeting took place at the station, the King of Bavaria kissing the hand of the Empress, who returned the

salute by kissing him on the cheek. Ludwig now joined the Royal Party, travelling with them as far as Munich, where the Court had assembled at the station to accord them a welcome. Napoleon and his Empress continued their journey, Ludwig refusing all their invitations to be present at the meeting of the Emperors and to take part in their political conference. The experiences of the preceding year had proved too instructive, and the King had no inclination to take part in endeavours which might be directed against the union of Germany. When their Majesties, on their return journey, again passed through Munich, Ludwig was not at the station to receive them and his invitation to a dinner on the Roseninsel was declined.

On the 6th of October Ludwig had a meeting (also at Augsburg) with the King and Queen of Prussia. The Princes Adalbert and Otto came for the occasion from Munich—the King himself from Hohenschwangau, to offer to his Majesty, for the first time since the war, the hand of friendship.

At the New Year, 1868, Ludwig, rightly judging that by this time people would have ceased to wonder and comment about the breaking off of his engagement, returned to the Capital, and now once again the Residenz presented a scene of life and animation. Following on the Reception at the New Year came dinners, balls and concerts in quick succession, and the 400th anniversary of the building of the Cathedral in Munich was celebrated by a great Festival, at which his Majesty, surrounded by great pomp and state, took part.

Once again the dull solemn ringing of bells from the churches of Munich announced to the public another death in the Royal House of Bavaria. Ludwig I, after a life of great activity in which Art had played so conspicuous a rôle and placed a wreath of immortal glory on the brow of the aged Monarch, had passed away peacefully at Nice. Ludwig, being himself confined to his bed by indisposition, was prevented from being present at the funeral ceremonies of his royal uncle.

In April, 1868, Ludwig received a visit from the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, who was en route for Italy to attend the marriage festivities of the Crown Prince Umberto.

It being now 50 years since the founding of the Constitution, Ludwig, to commemorate the event, issued the following Proclamation to his people.

"It is 50 years ago to-day that the first King of Bavaria, My Great-Grandfather Max Josef I, gave the Constitution to the country. The principles on which this rest have remained

undiminished since that memorable day, and the blessings of the Constitution have drawn together the firm bond, which



Fête on the Lake at Berg.

for centuries has united Prince and People, in a closer, heartier tie. And I, as King of Bavaria, am filled to-day with a happy

feeling of joyous pride. True to the example of My noble ancestors, I will uphold the banner of the Constitution, under whose protecting roof may the power and well-being of My beloved Country ever become stronger!—for I find My greatest happiness in the happiness of My people.

Castle Berg, May 26th.

Ludwig.”

In August 1868 the King again hurried to Bad Kissingen in order to welcome the Czar and Czarina as guests to his country. He stayed there with his brother Otto from the 2nd to the 9th of August, and when the Czarina passed Munich on her way to Italy, she accepted Ludwig’s invitation to visit him at Berg. The King met his royal guest at Pasing and conducted her to Starnberg and from thence with the little steamer “Tristan” to his beloved Berg. In honour of the Czarina, who had a real motherly regard for his Majesty, the Castle Park had been converted into a perfect little tropical Paradise, and the apartments destined for her were arranged with especial care and taste, the staircase leading to the same having been turned into a charming garden of tropical luxuriance. It was a glorious day in late summer—the lake clear and unruffled, and the background of mountains standing out sharp and distinct. For the evening Ludwig had arranged a fête on the water, which in splendour reminded one of similar occasions at the time of the Elector Ferdinand Maria. Dinner was served on the Roseninsel, and her Majesty, delighted at everything, declared it to be the most romantic meal of which she had ever partaken. Suddenly the Roseninsel was lit up by electricity, which threw a broad pathway of light across the silver waters of the lake to the Castle of Berg, and the large steamer, conveying the band of the 1st Infantry Regiment, now started from the Island, and was closely followed by the smaller “Tristan,” having on board his Majesty and the Empress Maria Alexandrowna. The firing off of a cannon gave the signal for the illumination of the Castle and Park by Bengal Fires, and shortly after was seen the tall slight figure of the King wending his way through the brilliantly lighted park with the Empress on his arm. An enthusiastic welcome was accorded their Majesties and cheer after cheer rent the air. The reappearance of the Royal Party on a balcony of the Castle gave the signal for the fireworks to commence, which, after a brilliant display, were brought to a termination by the band playing the Russian National Anthem.

On the same day on which the Princess Sofie of Bavaria was led to the Altar by the Duke of Alençon King Ludwig

accompanied the Czarina to Innsbruck, and he awaited her, on her return journey, at Kufstein. On the evening of their arrival at Munich her Majesty was present at the Court Theatre to witness the production of the "Meistersinger of Nürnberg." On the following day she left, the King accompanying her as far as Nördlingen.



The Empress Maria Alexandrownä of Russia.

At the unveiling of the monument, which the town of Landshut had dedicated to his royal father, Ludwig was represented by his uncle, Prince Leopold, and he sent an autograph letter to the town, in which he expressed his warm thanks for the homage and honour paid to the departed King. Ludwig visited Landshut in the course of the year. Like his visit to the Wartburg, it was also an after-result of the musical drama of Tannhäuser which led the King to undertake this journey. According to the legend, Tannhäuser, after the Singers' War on the Wartburg (which led to such disastrous results for him) had stayed at Castle Trausnitz on his way to Rome.

as the guest of Duke Otto. However even without these romantic recollections the King could have enjoyed staying at this noble Castle of his ancestors. One can think what memories were awakened in him of the time when Landshut was at its height under its rich and powerful Dukes. It was at Landshut that his ancestor, Wilhelm V, began to prepare the victorious march of the Renaissance throughout Bavaria by the reorganisation of the greater part of the Castle, and the King took such a fancy to the ancient structure that he ordered a suite of rooms to be arranged in princely style for his own use, and planned, moreover, the restoration of the entire Castle. It is probable that the building of Linderhof and Neuschwanstein (both of which had been commenced in the meantime) hindered him from putting this plan into execution, for the restoration of the Castle was suddenly stopped. The ancient Chapel was, however, completed at his command, and it contains (on the Epistle side of the Altar) a beautiful painted carving in wood representing his Majesty, attired as a Knight of S. George, kneeling before the Mother of God having in her arms the Infant Jesus, Whose left hand is extended in blessing over the head of the King.

In this year his Majesty presented the city of Munich with a monument of the great German poet Goethe.

On the 11th of September, 1868, Ludwig reviewed a part of his troops at Schweinfurt, on which occasion he expressed his warm approbation of their soldierly bearing. After dining with the officers he returned the same day to Berg.

His Majesty now commenced to withdraw himself from his people and to evince a decided preference for solitude - his state of health, too, commenced to be unsatisfactory - he suffered greatly from headaches, and his nerves, which had been unduly taxed by over-much study and social duties (which latter were, for Ludwig, always more or less cause of excitement) began now to make themselves felt. He would give way to anger on the smallest provocation, and in spite of fatigue he was unable to rest. "Coming events cast their shadows before!"

The King endeavoured to shake off these attacks of nerves by taking long rides and drives, on which occasions the pace of the horses was never fast enough to satisfy his wishes. He did not realise that the many disappointments and painful experiences of the past years had left their print upon him - that the continual strife of his government with the majority of the Diet - the uninterrupted spiteful attacks of a certain

portion of the Press, more or less directed against his person, were not calculated to raise his spirits. And it was just at this unpropitious moment that Ludwig found himself besieged by difficult questions and problems to solve. Vaticanism and Napoleonism both raised their heads powerfully, and these constituted a danger against which Germany might have to engage in severe strife in order to clear the road to attain her desire of becoming a united Empire.

In the hot disputes which had been kindled by the Vatican Council Ludwig stood determinately on the side of Döllinger, who had taken up his stand against the dogma of infallibility. The King wrote several letters to the Professor (for whom he had a great respect) in which he expressed his views very clearly on the subject, and when the ban of excommunication was pronounced against Döllinger, Ludwig sent him a letter couched in the warmest terms, in which he assured him of his unchanging regard and favour. Just because the King was a really religious man he detested every manner of confessional wrangling, and when the Old-Catholic Movement began to make itself felt in Bavaria, Ludwig was neither a zealot nor a heretic. No Prince ever existed who deserved less the rebuke of being luke-warm in matters of religion than did he.

In the midst of religious controversy and party strife in the Bavarian Diet, which (in extraordinary misapprehension of the political situation and in the face of the evil results of 1866) had now arisen about the changing of the present army system into that of the militia system, France suddenly declared war against Prussia. It seemed as if Fate, in cruel irony, was about to destroy with a bloody hand the beautiful dream of disarmament and peace in which the majority of the Diet so fully believed.

The King had just returned from an excursion to the Algäu Mountains when the news of the declaration of war by France was brought to him.—In the royal golden words with which he had confirmed the Treaty with Prussia “Faithful to the Treaty of Alliance for which I have pledged My royal word I, with My allies, will stand security for the honour of Germany—and therefore for the honour of Bavaria—as soon as duty requires it” Ludwig acknowledged the arrival of the moment in which he was called upon to keep to the terms of the Treaty, and on the same day he issued an order for the mobilisation of the army.

If, in those days of national enthusiasm, the German language seemed almost too poor in words to express the thanks of the people to their sovereign for his faithful and ready adherence

to the Treaty, it must strike us as strange that, since the death of Ludwig, busy pens have tried their utmost to pluck the glory from the laurels he then won by his share in the union of Germany and to attribute the greater part of it to the Head of his Cabinet. The King undoubtedly listened to the words of this experienced man who, full of national sentiment, considered that the *casus foederis* had come, but he would not have been the enthusiastic idealist that he was if he had rushed into this desperate war without first inquiring if it were not possible to avoid it. The honour due to Eisenhart for the decision of his Majesty is certainly not diminished by it. There were even at the Court in Berlin, men who acknowledged that hesitation on the part of the South German rulers was to be regarded as reasonable and comprehensible, so that the news of Ludwig's quick decision was received with all the greater joy.

Up to the present moment, feeling in Munich had not been particularly friendly towards Germany, but now the news of the war, and the action of the King led to a burst of patriotic sentiment, and the people were filled with enthusiasm for the cause. Dense crowds filled the streets—all were hurrying to the Residency to pay homage to the King, who was hastening to his Capital from Berg. Thundering cheers greeted his Majesty as he appeared at his window, and Ludwig felt that he had, for once in his life, acted rightly in the eyes of his Munich subjects. The Government had still to fight a hard battle with the majority of the Diet, which was inclined only for an Armed Neutrality. It is also without doubt that this attitude of the Bavarian Diet, which was so much blamed, was not without reason. It was the fear that a fresh victory to Prussia might lead to her acting with a high hand towards her Allies, and end in their being annexed. But the earnestness of the situation awoke patriotic feelings also in the Diet. The motion for Armed Neutrality was thrown out, and the Credit asked for, granted by a large majority. The enthusiastic joy which spread itself from the Hall to the streets, where crowds were anxiously waiting to hear the decision of Parliament, will not easily be forgotten, and the delighted people moved on again to the Residency, where, in response to the unceasing cheering, his Majesty, in spite of the advanced hour of the evening, appeared at his window and bowed and waved his thanks for the ovation. The Chamber of Councillors, without holding any debate, agreed unanimously to the resolution of the Second Chamber.

A splendid spirit shows itself in the telegrams exchanged between King Wilhelm of Prussia and King Ludwig of Bavaria.



Entry of H. R. H. the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia into Munich in the year 1870.

"After receiving the telegram from Your Ministry I immediately took over the command of the Bavarian Army and assigned the latter to the 3rd Army Corps, which stands under the Command-in-Chief of the Crown Prince. We have been cast, by unheard of presumptuousness, from the midst of peace into war. Your true German attitude has likewise electrified Your people. The whole of Germany stands together as it has never done before. May God bless Our arms in the chances of war. But to You, personally, I must express My warmest thanks for Your faithful adherence to the Treaty on which the salvation of Germany depends.

Wilhelm."

King Ludwig responded:

"Your telegram awakened a joyful echo in My breast. My troops will take up their weapons with enthusiasm to fight by the side of their glory-crowned comrades for German Right and German Honour. May it end to the good of Germany and the salvation of Bavaria!"

It was the greatest day of Ludwig's life when, on the 27th of July, the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm arrived in Munich to take up his command; these two Princes, hand in hand, signified the incorporation of the reconciliatory thought between the north and south of the German Fatherland—the fulfilment of the dream of their fathers, and the end of century-long weakness and division amongst the German People! —

A grand reception was given the Crown Prince on the frontier, at Hof. A special train awaited him at Bamberg, and King Ludwig, accompanied by his brother Otto, travelled as far as Röhrmoos to meet his royal guest. The two specials steamed into the station almost simultaneously. King Ludwig, in the uniform of a general and wearing the Order of the Black Eagle, hurried from his saloon carriage to meet his guest, and deeply moved, the two Princes embraced and kissed each other repeatedly. The Crown Prince then entered the King's train and the royal travellers arrived at midday at the gaily decorated station of the Capital, at which were assembled all the Princes, Ministers and Generals then in Munich. As the Court carriage, with an escort of cuirassiers, appeared in view of the many thousands waiting outside the station, cheer after cheer was raised, and hats and handkerchiefs waved in delighted and enthusiastic welcome.

Almost immediately after his arrival the Crown Prince paid a visit to the Queen Mother—he also granted audiences to a number of persons. At 5 o'clock dinner was served, at which

the whole Royal family was present. A special performance was given at the Theatre, which afforded the people an excellent opportunity of seeing the Royal General, to whose bravery and good fortune Bavaria had now entrusted her sons. The evening was one of historical importance, for it was a warm, hearty meeting between Prince and People. Long before the play commenced every available corner of the House was crammed by a brilliant and fashionable crowd, and when the doors of the royal box were opened and the Crown Prince, followed by the King and Queen Mother, appeared, thundering cheers rent the air. It was in vain that the Crown Prince bowed his acknowledgments to right and left of the House. He was obliged at length to retire, to appear again with his Majesty, the latter, however, after a friendly movement of his hand towards his guest, intimating that the enthusiastic greeting was for him alone, stepped quickly back. The storm of excitement now commenced to abate, and the powerful tones of Beethoven's Overture Egmont were heard—the curtain rose and the Court Actor, Ernst Possart, spoke the Prologue, which had been written for the occasion by himself.

The House listened in breathless silence, and deeply moved, to the inspiring and enthusiastic words of the poem—and now again music and applause resounded throughout the building. With one accord all present rose and turned towards the royal box, at which his Majesty, accompanied by his guest, advanced, and after shaking hands warmly with the Crown Prince, bowed his gratitude and thanks to the audience.

This fresh burst of enthusiastic homage was followed by the production of Schiller's "Wallenstein's Camp." Nearly all the scenes, which were so appropriate to the occasion, were loudly applauded by the public, especially the "Reiterlied" (Horseman's Song) which, sung by Kindermann, called forth unbounded applause. The curtain then fell, and the farewell accorded the Prince and General was even more enthusiastic and loud than had been his welcome. Greatly touched, the Crown Prince bowed again and again, and the Royal Party retired—the public, however, was not to be satisfied and the House still resounded with the cheers of the people and the thunder of the orchestre—several minutes elapsed, and then the Prince, recalled by the unceasing cheers, returned to the front of the royal box and again bowed his acknowledgments. The curtain was raised again and Kindermann, in his powerful voice, sang a verse of the "Reiterlied."

As the singer ended the enthusiasm of the audience reached its height. Hundreds of hats and handkerchiefs were frantically

waved, and the cheering became deafening—it was a sight which made the eyes of the Crown Prince sparkle strangely, and after another bow of hearty thanks, he withdrew hurriedly, and disappeared from view.

Early the following morning the Prince left Munich and hurried to the Rhine. During his short visit to Munich he had observed with pain, for he was sincerely attached to the King, that both Ludwig's appearance and manner had undergone a considerable change since he last saw him.

Nearly all the Princes of the Royal House hurried to the seat of war. Prince Luitpold went as representative of his Majesty to the German Headquarters. His son, Prince Leopold, won for himself, on the 1st of December 1870, immortal fame on the battle-field and the King bestowed on him, the Hero of Villepion, the highest military decoration.

Although the Bavarian Army, in unison with its German comrades, accomplished great deeds in this war and won for itself the joyful acknowledgment of its sovereign, yet for Ludwig himself, who was denied by nature the qualities of a soldier—whose nerves trembled at the bare idea of warfare—this universal rejoicing at victories in which he had had no part must have been extremely bitter—it raised in him a feeling of envy against those who, by almost unparalleled good fortune, were now crowned with glory, and he asked himself why it was that just he should be debarred in sharing in this halo of celebrity. It proves his strength of will that he was able at first to fight down this unhealthy feeling that he would not permit this dark side of his nature to gain the upper hand without a struggle. He congratulated the Prussian King and his brave son on every victory gained, and when the fortress of Metz, which had long and persistently withstood the attacks of the enemy, finally surrendered to the besieging Prussian King, Ludwig called him in his congratulatory telegram "William the Victorious!"

As victory succeeded victory, and the wish was expressed by the people to give to the German nation a common representative worthy of its dignity and position, the King made known to the citizens of Munich his conviction that Bavaria, as well as Germany, would certainly reap to the utmost the benefit of all the victories gained, and in order to tie the bands of the brilliantly won union of the German people legally tighter he received the Head of the Foreign Department of the North German Confederation, Herr v. Delbrück, and sent his Ministers to the Head Quarters in Paris to be present at the

drawing-up of the Treaties. The varying moods of the King, however, led to so many contradictions in the directions given to his Ministers that much time was lost before the transactions could be brought to a satisfactory termination.

Delbrück, the cool-headed calculating diplomatist, was positively charmed by the manner in which the King received him. He wrote: "No-one who has the good fortune to confer with his Majesty on affairs of State can fail to be impressed by his unusually gifted and winning personality. Everyone is amazed at the extraordinary knowledge of everything pertaining to jurisprudence which the King betrays when, forgetting himself, he expresses his views in clear and elegant terms."

It seems as if Ludwig had had again to struggle with the dark powers within him when he endeavoured to force himself to go to the Head Quarters of the German Army, at Versailles. The apartments at Trianon were already prepared for him, when the counter-order arrived. The journey was abandoned, and the King remained at Hohenschwangau, in the solitude of his beloved mountains.—Did he doubt his capability of playing the rôle which his high rank and position required in the midst of this brilliant victory-crowned assembly at Versailles? Was it that he shrank from witnessing the devastations and horrors caused by the war? Was it the difficult question (which in the meantime had been put to him) about the crowning of the German Union by the title of Emperor, which held the proud Wittelsbacher back from his projected journey? In November, 1870, Bismarck laid the matter very clearly before him, for, as Ludwig was the second in power of all the German Princes, it was he who had to take the first step in deciding this weighty question.

The King, undoubtedly surprised at this turn in affairs, gave an evasive reply, but no refusal, although apparently considerably disconcerted and at a loss to find the right words. Then, in a moment of impulse, he sent a letter to the Head of his Cabinet, Eisenhart, for the King of Prussia, in which he offered him the Imperial Crown. It was, however, in accordance with the previous undecided attitude of his Majesty that he now confided the letter to the Secretary of the Cabinet with the instructions, either to deliver or to withhold the letter, according to his own discretion in the matter! It is to the credit of this German-feeling man that the letter of his Majesty was delivered by Prince Luitpold into the hands of the King of Prussia with all possible promptitude and due ceremony.

The draft of the celebrated letter was the work of Bismarck, and King Ludwig presented it to his Secretary of the Cabinet in recognition of the active part which he had taken in the affair. The fact that King Ludwig's letter was a true copy



The Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.

of the Iron Chancellor's sketch has since caused much waste of ink, and given rise to ill-natured observations. If the letter owes its existence to political cleverness and the unavoidable stress of circumstances, more than to the unbaissed initiative of the King, yet, nevertheless, the writing of the same constituted an historical action—a great achievement for the future of

Germany. It must have been no easy task for the sick man to overcome his pride and fear of being deposed from the high position of sovereign to the level of a vassal. But the very fact that he did conquer himself, that he set aside the fixed doctrines of his education and traditions of his House, has won for him immortal laurels—has cast a halo of glory round his name, and wherever a national fête is celebrated—wherever the flag of the Empire waves—wherever bonfires are lighted on the summits of the German mountains, there people will honour with gratitude and enthusiasm King Ludwig II as King Ludwig the German, as the Founder of the New German Empire!

The hesitation and dilatoriness of his Majesty were likewise reflected in the discussions held at the Diet respecting the agreement of Bavaria to the conventions of Versailles. In total misapprehension of the state of public feeling the majority only succeeded in accustoming itself to the idea of belonging to the new Empire after the Proclamation had been already made.

It is greatly to be regretted that Ludwig was not able to bring himself to be present at the great historical event, for it would, without doubt, have lent increased lustre to the important part which he had played in the proceedings. The handsome young Monarch hand in hand with the aged Imperial Hero, surrounded by the German Princes on the Throne dais of that splendid hall hung with pictures illustrating the humiliation of Germany in former times by the Sun-King—rejoiced over by the representatives of the victorious German Army amid the waving of banners and thunder of cannon—it was a world-historical moment in which the former German Imperial glory, like the phoenix, rose to a state of new brilliancy and power! All this might have had a deep effect upon the sensitive nature of the King of Bavaria—the Seneschal of the German Imperial Crown—have filled him with a proud consciousness of power which would, perhaps, have led his thoughts into a different and happier channel, and imparted a fresh interest to his life.

The King paid many visits to the poor victims of war in the different hospitals of Munich—full of kindly sympathy he went from bed to bed, listening with pleasure to the singing of the convalescent soldiers, and cheering may a poor sufferer by the interest he showed in their case.

In the early part of the summer of 1871 his Majesty went to Oberammergau to witness the performance of the Passion Play. Ludwig was too deeply moved by the representation to be able to make up his mind to go there a second time,

but in his enthusiasm for everything high and great, he presented to the village an enormous group of the Crucifixion, which, placed on the Osterbühl, commands a full view of the Passion-Village and is a souvenir of the visit of the art-loving Bavarian Monarch to the place.



King Ludwig II, as Knight of S. Hubert.

A charming little incident is related to us as having taken place this year and which shows the love of Ludwig for his mother. The Queen one day laughingly made the observation that a beautiful fir-tree, which grew near the windows of the Castle, would make a splendid Christmas-tree. The King heard of the remark, and when Christmas Eve arrived he caused it to be beautifully decorated, and lighted up by numbers of

candles. He then led his mother to the window and bade her look out. The Queen, all unsuspecting, gazed wonderingly out, and when she saw the tree her eyes filled with tears, and she kissed and embraced her son without a word, deeply touched at his thoughtfulness and love for her.

The city of Munich now began to occupy itself in making suitable preparations for the return of the victorious troops and the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm. Ludwig again met him at Röhrmoos and conducted him through the densely-crowded streets of the Capital to the Residency. Munich had this time outdone itself, and the *via triumphalis* especially, the Ludwigstrasse and the Siegestor, was most tastefully and beautifully decorated.

His Majesty had issued a proclamation to his troops on the morning of their entry into Munich, in which, in warm and enthusiastic terms, he expressed his thanks for all their brave deeds, at the same time lamenting the painful sacrifices which the war had cost them. It was a glorious summerday, on the 16th of July, 1871, and the streets were lined by a crowd which had collected from all parts of the country. The troops were drawn up on the broad Parade Ground, and here the King's Proclamation was made known to them. Greeted by the beating of drums and the inspiring tones of a military march the Bavarian Generals Hartmann and von der Tann now arrived, and were quickly followed by the Master of the Ordnance, Prince Luitpold, and the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House. Cannons and cheers announced the arrival of his Majesty and the Crown Prince, followed by a brilliant cavalcade. The King, with the Hero of the German People, the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, on his left, rode slowly up and down the ranks whilst the band played the National Anthem. Then followed the command to pray, and to the beautiful notes of Aiblinger's Hymn the heartfelt thanks of the thousands assembled were raised to Heaven.

While the troops were forming into marching order his Majesty, with his large suite and escort of cuirassiers, rode back to the town. At 11 o'clock he returned to the Ludwigstrasse and there, by the monument of his royal grandfather, took up his position.

The troops, headed by Prince Luitpold and his Staff, and followed by the victory-crowned Royal General, entered at the Siegestor. The appearance of the latter called forth tremendous enthusiasm and joy amongst the multitude of spectators, the Crown Prince acknowledging the reception



Group of the Crucifixion at Oberammergau.

given him with great graciousness. At the university the Mayor, Herr von Erhardt, at the head of the representatives of the city, stopped forward and spoke a few words of ardent enthusiasm and gratitude, while a party of young girls presented his Royal Highness with a wreath of golden laurel. The voice of the Crown Prince, as he expressed his thanks for the splendid reception accorded him, rang out fresh and clear, and the people, now at the height of their excitement and delight, broke out into enthusiastic cheers.

The Prince took up his stand by the side of his Majesty on the Odeonsplatz, and now followed the march past of the troops, on whom was thrown a perfect hail of bouquets and wreaths by the spectators who filled the windows and balconies of the houses lining the route. In the afternoon the officers were entertained at a great dinner in the Battle-Hall of the Residency, at which his Majesty, accompanied by the Crown Prince and the members of the Royal House, was present. As the King rose to drink the health of his brave and loyal troops and their victorious leader, his earnest eyes rested mediatively on the assembled guests and his face assumed an expression of sadness.

The Crown Prince Friedrich responded to the toast in warm and hearty words, in which he praised the action of his Majesty at the commencement of the war in adhering so faithfully to the Treaty of Alliance—an action which the History of all ages would celebrate and extol. The health of the King was drunk with enthusiasm, and the ceremony ended with the playing of the National Anthem. The day of rejoicing wound up with a special performance at the Court Theatre. The House was crammed to the utmost, and when Ludwig, with the Crown Prince and the Queen and Prince Otto, entered the royal box, they were received with cheers of joy, whereupon the Crown Prince advanced to the front of the box and bowed graciously to right and left of the House—on the cheers being redoubled, his Majesty also advanced and bowed smilingly to the audience. When the tones of the Overture had died away the Court Actor Possart spoke the Prologue, in which he eulogised the firm bond of friendship between the Wittelsbacher and Hohenzollern, in the hands of whom Young Germany trustfully confided its future.

The play written by Paul Heyse for the festive occasion brought the performance to a close, after which the illumination of the city commenced. The streets were again thronged by a joyous crowd, whose excitement and delight reached its summit



Return of the Bavarian Troops after the Campaign of 1870 71. — Reception of the Crown Prince.

when his Majesty, accompanied by his royal guest, the Queen-Mother and Prince Otto, arrived on the scenes, and proceeded to make the tour of the city in order to see the decorations of the same.

On the following day his Majesty entertained his royal guest at dinner on the Roseninsel—now a veritable bower of flowers. In the evening a banquet was given at the Glass Palace, at which, however, the King did not appear and was represented by the Princes of the Royal House.

A few weeks after this King Ludwig greeted the King of Prussia for the first time as Emperor of Germany. On the 10th of August 1871 he met him at Schwandorf and accompanied him to Regensburg, where, in the celebrated old imperial inn “Zum goldenen Kreuz” the two Monarchs partook of dinner. On the return of the Emperor from Bad Gastein he was received at Rosenheim by Prince Luitpold, who accompanied his Majesty to Munich—the King and Queen-Mother awaiting him at Hohenschwangau, whither his Majesty now repaired to return by his visit the attention and courtesies shown him by the King.

The ancient castle which awakened so many memories of the former Imperial Age was illuminated in the evening by Bengal Fires, and on the summits of the surrounding mountains bonfires were lighted to celebrate the visit of his Majesty.

The party strife in the inner political life of Bavaria, which during the war had naturally somewhat abated in violence, was now renewed—the questions respecting the Old-Catholic movement, and the former opposition of the reactionary party against the Ministry caused the King many an unpleasant half hour, and certainly left its effect upon his excitable, sensitive nature.

Louder and louder spoke those ghostly voices in the stillness of the mountain world and showed him, in his day dreams, enchanting pictures of the legendary world of German by-gone ages, and the person of the Sun-King, Louis XIV. But it was not the warlike Louis, whose army laid waste the most prosperous of Germany's provinces,—no, it was the founder and inhabitant of the pompous Castle of Versailles that Ludwig saw—his brilliant court life, his exalted ideas of the high position and honour attaining to the rank of sovereign, this it was which captivated Ludwig's fancy. He desired to found a culture-history, which was to mean the new formation of past epochs in regal and unparalleled splendour. That Ludwig's extravagant love of display was not a personal necessity, but implied to him nothing beyond the attribute of kingly power,

can be gathered from the fact that the Castles of Berg and Hohenschwangau, as well as his scattered mountain homes, remained his favourite residences till the last—and these, of necessity, were lonely and extremely simple. If these ideas gained the ascendancy over him in later years and loosened the ties which united him to his family and the world—if the brilliant memories of the commencement of his reign faded—if his journey as a young enthusiastic man to the Rhine—to the Wartburg in his triumphant progress throughout the beautiful Frankenland, disappeared out of his life like a dream when



Arrival of the Emperor Wilhelm at Hohenschwangau.

the bitterness of disappointment ate into his heart, this was all, and solely, because the unhappy Monarch was a sick man, and as such, must be leniently and gently judged—or rather, let us say, not judged at all.

On the 4th of June, 1874, the King took part, for the last time in his life, in the Corpus Christi Procession in Munich. In the following year he absented himself from the Ceremony of the 40 Hours of Prayer, but this was owing to the Pastoral Letter issued by the Archbishop of Munich, which was openly directed against himself, and also because of the attacks of a certain portion of the Press, which, amongst other things,

advised the said dignitary of the Church to cease his visits at Court. All this caused his Majesty to hold back proudly, and contributed, in no small degree, to the breach between Sovereign and People.

In a like manner the King steadfastly refused to accept the Address of the majority of the Diet, and he replied to the petition of his Ministers to resign (on account of the vote of want of confidence contained in that same Address) in the following terms:

“Abiding by the rights assigned to Me of choosing the Councillors to the Crown, I see now no reason whatsoever for a change in the Ministry. I am firmly persuaded that it has done its utmost, in the midst of the ups and downs of party strife, to keep the good of the country always in view, and has acted in a moderate manner for the protection of the rights of the State. I hope that the entire Ministry, supported by My implicit confidence, will succeed in restoring that internal unity and peace, which are absolutely necessary for the successful development of a people, and I expect that the Government will find a powerful support in their endeavour from all moderate thinking persons.”

The tone of the 2nd Royal Proclamation was even more decided.

“I do not feel Myself called upon to accept the Address of the Chamber of Deputies. Moreover the tone adopted by various members during the Debate on the Address, has excited My astonishment in the highest degree.

I desire that this be made known to the President of the Deputies.”

Not at all times and in all places does the drawing down of the person of the monarch into the strife of parties meet with such a severe and well-merited rebuke. By command of his Majesty the Royal Proclamation to the Ministry was made known in every parish in Bavaria, and this was the last decisive step which the King took in politics. It was not his illness alone, but also his disgust at the objectionable quarrelling of the different parties, which induced him to hold aloof from all such matters in future. The Ministers possessed the confidence of their Sovereign until his death, of which he gave many and strong proofs. But much might have been different in the life of the King, if he had only been able to make up his mind during the last years of his life, to have conferred personally with his Ministers, and so to have



The Entry of T. R. H. Prince Leopold and
Princess Gisela of Bavaria into Munich.

(After an original illustration in the magazine "Bayerland",
by permission of the Firm Oldenbourg in Munich.)

strengthened their position in the face of the various opposition parties.

The inhabitants of Munich saw their King for the first time at the side of the venerable Emperor Wilhelm when the latter arrived on July 13th, 1874, on a short visit to the Capital of Bavaria. King Ludwig wore the smart uniform of his Prussian Regiment, and although the beauty, for which he had been famed in his early youth, had somewhat faded, yet he was a strikingly fine man, and his splendid breadth of shoulders carried off the corpulency which was already beginning to become noticable. His eyes had lost their bright happy look, and his expression was sharp and commanding, but when a smile lighted up his face, it restored to it the winning, amiable charm of youth. The meeting of the two Monarchs was most cordial, and it was happily hidden from both of them, that this was to be the last occasion on which they would ever see each other. The only thing which occurred to disturb the harmony of this, otherwise, so happy occasion, was the unexpected news that an attempt had been made on this same day at Kissingen against the life of the Lord Chancellor, Prince Bismarck.

In this same year King Ludwig went for a second time to Paris. He arrived there incognito on the 21st of August, and stayed with the German Ambassador, Prince Hohenlohe. This journey was undertaken with the desire to see and study the Castle of Versailles, which had been built by Louis XIV, for whom Ludwig possessed so ardent an admiration. The thorough knowledge of the King, as well as his overwhelming admiration for the Bourbon era, excited universal astonishment.—His Majesty afterwards extended his journey to Rheims, and his first act was to visit the beautiful Cathedral, to the Altar of which the Maid of Orleans had led Charles VII to his coronation.

This visit to France was not regarded with great favour in Bavaria, and the general opinion was, that it would have been wiser had the King not undertaken it. From a political point of view this was undoubtedly correct, but not from the artistic side of the question, and Ludwig visited France not from political, but from artistic reasons.

His Majesty again honoured the October Fête in 1874 by his presence, and was given a most cordial and loyal welcome by his subjects. His last public appearance as Commander-in-Chief of the Army was on August 26th, 1875, when the brilliant review took place on the Parade Ground of the troops,

who had been so unexpectedly recalled from the Autumn manoeuvres, a fact which gave rise to so many conjectures, both in military and political circles. As his Majesty, followed by a large suite, rode through the Capital, he was greeted on all sides by an outburst of universal joy, which Ludwig acknowledged with his wonted amiability and friendliness of manner. On his return from the review, the crowd, in their desire to



Prince Otto of Bavaria.

(United Art Est., Munich.)

obtain a nearer glimpse of their Sovereign, pressed so close that it was only with the greatest difficulty that way could be made for him to pass, and Ludwig himself protested against the energy with which his people were being forced back. On the same day he issued a letter in which he expressed warm thanks for the loyalty and love of his subjects. It was the last ray of light cast upon his path—no one dreamt that Bavaria honoured to-day for the last time its royal

Sovereign, whose eyes had gleamed with joy and happiness, and who, by his winning manner, majestic bearing and affability, had charmed all hearts.

His Majesty in this year was visited by a bitter and heavy blow. The health of his brother Otto, which for some years past had been far from satisfactory, began to grow rapidly worse, and it became apparent to all that his isolation in the lonely Castle of Fürstenried was now an absolute necessity. The light-hearted, merry Prince had become insane. One can realise the sufferings of Ludwig, who, obliged to bid farewell to his beloved brother, saw him approach the grave which was to close over him for the remainder of his mortal life, all unconscious of his own misery, or of the grief of his deeply-afflicted mother and brother. It was but natural that the King, before whose eyes the dreaded spectre of his own fate had arisen for the first time in his life, should now desire to avoid all noisy and social gatherings, and should seek refuge for himself and his sorrow in the solitude of his mountains. He saw now the splendid brilliant building of his life, which he, in the pride of youth and enthusiasm, had so gloried in building up, fall down stone by stone. Life seemed to hold nought for him but disappointment, pain and unhappiness!

Was it a marvel that he should seek comfort in forgetfulness, or that he should listen to the voices of the sirens, which promised him pure happiness and blessed peacefulness in the quiet and solitude of his mountain homes? If life had cheated him hitherto of the longed-for happiness, yet he hoped in the culture of his ideals, to find it now, but in the captivating charm which surrounded the fairy-like creations of stone and mortar, Ludwig forgot the dangers which, for his romantic nature, lay hidden in the words:

Solitude, how beautiful thou art!





A ROYAL HERMIT.

The star of the King had risen to the zenith with all the clearness of a meteor, and the clouds which passed over it from time to time were not able, but for a moment, to dim its brightness.—But, as on a sultry summer day, cloud after cloud suddenly arises, and quickly builds up a bank of leaden grey which casts a gloom over all the brilliancy of a dewy morning, so, in the afternoon of the King's life, cruel Fate stepped in to alter, and pervert the whole tenour of his existence.

In many a difficult hour the King had withdrawn himself from society, and sought comfort and peace in solitude. All the important decisive steps which he had ever taken had been brought to maturity in the peaceful stillness of his mountain homes, and the idea of an existence, apart from all the noise and bustle of the world, was full of attractiveness for him.—As if in mockery, nature had endowed this Prince with a wonderful charm of manner, only to whisper to him, that it was not given to him to appear before the world as he deemed fit and incumbent for his dignity as sovereign to appear. The feeling of the greatness of his position weighed upon his mind, and it was a source of untold misery to him, that he could never be a King, such as he desired to be.—Yet his personality charmed all who came in contact with him, the winning beauty of his appearance attracted all eyes, and those who were admitted to his presence, left fascinated and charmed by his affability. Only Ludwig himself remained dissatisfied, because he mistrusted his own powers.

It was a common thing for his Majesty to refuse to receive persons in audience, on to put off appearing at some

festivity, merely because he was filled with the dread of not being able to appear as his exaggerated ideas considered necessary. These feelings naturally rendered all social duties a burden and a misery, and even the very thought of them made him nervous and uneasy. During the last years of his life Ludwig had absolutely to force himself to appear at meals, and on these occasions the unbalanced condition of his mind appeared in the most glaring manner. A regular forest of bushes and flowers was built up to ward off the glances of the curious, and a never-ceasing music rendered conversation an impossibility—afterwards, when unable to avoid speaking a few words, his Majesty betrayed, by his nervous movements and hasty speech, how painful his over-estimation of his dignity as Sovereign rendered his appearance in society. What here made him appear as a martyr to Majesty, embittered also his activity as Artist. His talents led him to picture to himself wonderful creations, and the wish and endeavour to re-produce all these, under a new and different form, resulted in his attempting more than he was able to perform. Ludwig was not capable of singling out, and fashioning one unit out of all this bewildering mass of artistic inspirations—in addition to this, architecture permits the fruit of perfection to mature but slowly, and with difficulty, and the impatience of the royal Artist was excited to the utmost. The knowledge, too, of his weakness gave a bitter flavour to the seeming feeling of happiness, which he believed to have secured for himself by active and untiring co-operation in his work.

The transition from "King of Action" to "King of Art" did not take place suddenly. Again and again Ludwig returned from the solitude of the forests, from the charm of his enchanted world to the dry prose of everyday life. His Majesty fought like a hero to free himself from the close embrace of the polypus-like arms of his disease. That he succumbed in the terrible struggle, can be largely attributed for by the fact that he latterly ceased to hold all intercourse with educated persons, and imagined that he could find real loyalty, gratitude, and devotion amongst the lower classes only, and more especially amongst his servants. If he, mistaking crafty, calculating flattery for love and respect, even for real friendship, only too often discovered that people were seeking their own advantage, where he had believed to find unselfish devotion, if he only reaped ingratitude in return for kindness, can it be wondered at, that this sensitive, incomprehensible man lost first belief in, and then respect for his fellow-creatures, and ended by conceiving a hatred for mankind

in general? He did nothing to keep or raise the love and almost idolatry of his subjects, because he firmly believed that all the acclamations and ovations of the crowd meant nothing but empty flattery for him.

His determined will resented all contradiction (which he regarded as an encroachment on his royal rights) and the noble men who filled successively the office of Head of the Cabinet fell into disfavour, because circumstances forced them to draw down upon themselves the displeasure of his Majesty by remonstrating with him, and their honesty forbade their swimming with the crowd, or seeking, by flattery and unseemingly obsequiousness, to retain his favour. It is well-known that his Majesty frequently changed his attendants during the second part of his reign. An act of awkwardness would provoke unbridled anger, in which Ludwig would make use of expressions, which, in later years, were regarded as proofs of Nero-like cruelty. The unfortunate man had no one to stand by him on such occasions, no one to ward off such attacks of temper by tact and gentleness, and to dispel the evil effect which such scenes cast over his surroundings.

The duties of the State, and the co-operation in the carrying-out of his building plans, were not sufficient to occupy the active brain of the King, and time often hung heavily upon his hands, causing also the rapid changes in his moods. Even the very solitude of his life—this withdrawal from the active turmoil of the world, must have been often a bitter trial for his Majesty, for his nature was one which demanded distraction. Ludwig II was a social person—it was an absolute necessity for him to speak about those subjects which occupied his mind. He was even a willing listener to the gossip of the Court, and the little joys and sorrows of those about him interested him greatly. King Ludwig always enjoyed intellectual conversation, and he remembered, with gratitude, the hours spent in the society of those who afforded him this pleasure. It must, however, have been a difficult task to gratify his Majesty, for he was terribly over-sensitive, and the smallest trifle was sufficient to annoy and offend him.

Owing to the rapidly increasing weight of the King, he saw himself compelled to give up riding, which was the only form of sport which had ever afforded him real pleasure and distraction. So long as he had been able to indulge in long rides, and thus to come in constant contact with the country people, Ludwig had been able, to a certain extent, to overcome his shyness of his fellow-creatures, but now, denied this,

he drove through his villages at a rapid pace, seeing and speaking to no one (for his Majesty generally selected the dead of night in which to take the air) and his state of health suffered considerably in consequence, and the state of his mind, still more. It became more and more difficult for him to have recourse to the one remedy which offered itself to him—namely, the return to Court life. It is also much to be regretted that, with one exception, his Majesty, after the year 1875, could not make up his mind to travel. A month or two spent in a foreign country would have afforded him so much interest that, with the joy of living, love to mankind might have returned, and his existence in his solitary home been thus greatly cheered and brightened. It is possible that the unnatural restlessness and uneasiness which drove him unceasingly from Castle to Castle—the dread of seeing himself a prey to idleness, and unable to find pleasure in the occupation and pursuits of others, alarmed the King, and kept him from the desire to leave his home. Ludwig was bound to see the change which was rapidly coming over him—his dislike of appearing in public—his fear of attempts upon his life, increased from day to day. A pamphlet was published about this time, the author of which thought to dispel the fears of his Majesty by the following words: “Ridiculous! Who would ever dream of making an attempt on the person of the King!”

Ridiculous? No! When the venerable head of the State was not respected—when the Czar Alexander II fell by the hand of an assassin, why should not some fanatic rise up to seek the life of the King of Bavaria?

The news of these attacks must have awakened a cruel echo in the breast of the unhappy Ludwig, and have been the reason for his surrounding himself with a cordon of police, when taking his walks in the English Garden in Munich. From the King’s point of view, these precautionary measures were only natural, nevertheless public opinion thought to make Minister von Feilitzsch responsible for them. The energetic denial was completely justified, but that the said Official was unable to convince his Majesty by the words “Your Majesty can walk at any hour of the day or night in the English Gardens, I guarantee that nothing shall occur” is hardly to be wondered at. King Ludwig had not forgotten the banishment of Richard Wagner, nor the events which preceded the war of 1866—and the rapid growth of socialism in Germany did not tend to strengthen his feeling of safety. It was not remarked by the King that his shyness was fed, and increased,

by the uneducated persons with whom he had surrounded himself. Not only did these individuals feel themselves very snug and comfortable in their well-paid berths, and acquiesced to those commands of the King which were beneath the dignity of any man in his senses, such as wearing masks, and a seal on their foreheads, &c., &c., but they also, so to speak, played ball with their royal master, who, in return, overwhelmed them with gifts and benefits. On some occasions it may be almost absolutely necessary to descend to a lie, but there is certainly no excuse for the person, who dared to tell his Majesty that a quantity of dynamit had been stolen during the building of the Castle at Falkenstein, and that, on receiving this intelligence, the King put off his intended visit to Falkenstein, can hardly be a matter of surprise to anyone.

While the building of the Castle of Herrenchiemsee was in process, the workmen received strict injunctions to withdraw on the approach of his Majesty, and the repeated demand of the King as to the reason for this action, is a proof, that the order did not emanate from himself.

The command issued by Ludwig to permit no one to enter his Winter Garden, or to visit his Castles, was disregarded, and even if the King did endeavour to keep his buildings hidden from the gaze of the public, he was merely exercising the rights of a private gentleman, who, after the motto "My house is my castle" desires to keep the idle, pushing public at a distance. Anyone who has heard how the buildings erected by his Majesty have been criticised since his death, can form a pretty accurate idea as to how they would have called down remarks during his life-time.

With the dread of attempts being made on his life, the over-estimation of his position as monarch (in itself, undoubtedly, a form of insanity) took more and more hold on the King, and finally governed all his actions. The reflection that he was now freed from all the wearisome duties of society, and could only be disturbed in his fantastic dreams with his own consent, contributed largely to this isolating of himself. There is little doubt that the primary cause of the overwhelming idea of his own importance as King was instilled into Ludwig's mind while yet a child, for he was then made the object of fulsome flattery, and exaggerated honour by many of those placed about his person—this laid the foundation of delusions in his impressionable mind, from which he was incapable of freeing himself in later years. Out of this grew, and flourished, a selfconsciousness of "Majesty," the climax of which was madness.

King Ludwig's enthusiasm for the Court of Versailles ended in his creating for himself an ideal picture of Louis XIV—he studied the biographies, memoirs and letters of that era, and it is remarkable that he read, not only those works which were in favour of the Bourbons, but also those of their detractors—these last causing him particular amusement.

A comparison drawn between the two Princes (Louis XIV of France and Ludwig II of Bavaria) shows clearly how greatly the ideal of the unhappy Bavarian King differed from himself. Louis XIV succeeded in finding the right level in his private life, not, however, in politics. The German Ludwig made for himself, by his political acts, a brilliant name in history, while he, in private life, considered it within the rights of a ruler to carry out all his wishes and hobbies, without regard or respect for the feelings of others.

Ludwig II was no friend of war, avoided the society of women, and detested hunting, therefore the very opposite of his ideal, who hunted much, made love, and was nearly always entangled in some war or other. Louis XIV, from early morning till late at night, was hardly ever alone, whereas Ludwig II was invariably alone. Also in building, Ludwig of Bavaria took just the opposite direction to that of his favourite. "Versailles was too large for Louis XIV, and he built Trianon; Trianon was also too large for Marie Antoinette, and she built Little Trianon. Ludwig II found his old Shooting Lodge Linderhof too cramped, therefore he built Castle Linderhof, this again did not appear to him to be large or grand enough, so he erected Castle Herrenchiemsee." Only in one respect did these two monarchs resemble each other. That was their implicit, and firm belief in the divine right of Kings, which placed them high, and unapproachable above all.

An excuse may be found for the exaggerated, unhealthy enthusiasm of Ludwig II for the Bourbon King, not only in his illness, but also in his education.

Grown up with the ideals of a past age, he did not see people as he wished to see them—neither could he be the King that he desired to be. Ludwig forced his talents, his education, and his sorrows back into a proud past which did not permit him to be the son—the Ruler—of his own times. Only one Prince could be his ideal, and that Prince was Louis XIV. He, brilliant and renowned, stood high above all other princes and people of his epoch.

This enthusiasm of Ludwig II was bound to have a fatal ending, because he ignored, in the greatness of the Past, the roughness of the Present, which demanded that its Ruler should serve it with all his might, and not despise it.—Because it was Ludwig's fate, owing to his illness and insanity, to be incapable of fulfilling this task and duty, and to be obliged to seek for health and happiness in his mountains and in the memories of a glorious Past, therefore he only desired to build, and to build the Past only. His Art however, was, not one-sided. His inclination towards Islamitic architecture, the plans for an Indian Palace, and for a Knights' Castle in the Gothic style, are sufficient to denote that. King Ludwig injured no one by the direction in which he allowed his taste to take him, but himself. Only because he was German to the backbone he could let his fancy ramble as it would, until it finally buried him with itself.

Ludwig II is not to be confounded with any of those others who strove to imitate the Court of Versailles in the 18th century, and who seem only to have found worthy of notice, the inordinate love of pleasure, licence, and outward show of the same. What attracted Ludwig was the princely splendour of the Court, which he, unconscious of his financial position, endeavoured to out-rival.

After the year 1875, the attitude which Ludwig had hitherto maintained in respect to the Court at Berlin underwent a perceptible change. This was owing entirely to the illness of his Majesty. That feeling of suspicion and estrangement which the King had harboured against the Crown Prince during the war of 1870 became now more intensified. This had kept him from attending the festivities in the Glaspalast in honour of the victories, and Ludwig had never been able to shake it off. It was jealousy of the honour heaped upon the victorious son of an Emperor, combined with a fear for his throne, and the independence of his country. These fears, which in his healthier days, Ludwig would have dismissed from his mind as utterly irrational and absurd, now tormented him in his solitude, and the idea occurred to him, to betake himself to some distant island, and there spend the remainder of his days. Archivdirektor Löher was accordingly sent by his Majesty to visit and inspect the various islands lying in the Ionian and Aegæan Seas. Some persons think this idea of the King to be an unmistakable proof of his incurable insanity, but Heigel writes "The desire of a Prince to betake himself to some sunny ocean-washed island, and there to die

in peace, is no more proof of madness than was the flight of the Emperor Charles V to S. Just."

It is certain that no one regretted more the reserved attitude of the King than did the Emperor Wilhelm and his son, the Crown Prince Friedrich—both of whom were sincerely attached to Ludwig. Although the latter in later years studiously avoided every opportunity of meeting the Emperor, he remained, nevertheless, his faithfully till the last, and was a staunch supporter of the German Union and Empire, in the founding of which he had played no unimportant part.

When the Emperor, in 1876, travelled to Bavaria in order to be present at the inauguration ceremony of the Stage at Bayreuth, Ludwig sent his Court Official Zanders to see that everything was done in order to render the visit of his Majesty to Bavaria a success, and pleasure to him. The German Crown Prince, too, on his yearly visit of Military inspection, was received, by special command of his Majesty, with all the honours due to his exalted rank. Prince Bismarck enjoyed the highest favour of the Bavarian Monarch, who acknowledged the services of the great Chancellor in promoting the Union of the German Princes and People with the utmost graciousness.

Those various remarks passed by King Ludwig about the Crown Prince which are alleged to savour of cruelty, must be accepted for what they are worth, for they were uttered during the worst hours of his illness, and therefore at a time when his Majesty was absolutely irresponsible, both for his words and actions.

There is certainly no reason whatsoever for implying that Ludwig was imbued with any ill-feeling against the Imperial House of Germany. The Emperor Franz Josef of Austria came to Munich every year to visit his daughter Gisela, and Princes from every State in Europe were constantly staying in his Capital, and none of these ever saw the King. The real reason for Ludwig's withdrawal of himself lay, not only in his deep-rooted dislike to every form of social ceremony, but also in his illness.

The disease of his Majesty increased rapidly in the last years of his life, and one of the strongest proofs of this was the converting of night into day. Ludwig had always found pleasure in taking little trips on his steamer "Tristan" on beautiful moonlight-nights, or in a ride out into the country—there was nothing unnatural in this—now, however, the affairs of State, the studying of Art and Science, reading of countless

newspapers and writing of letters, all was carried on during the night—thus completely reversing the natural order of things.

Ludwig also avoided attending the public services of the Church, and had Mass read for him at the hour of midnight in the private Chapels of his Castles.

As might be expected, this eccentric life led by his Majesty was a source of great discomfort to his entourage. He dismissed one of his favourite attendants on the spot, because his arm happened to fall asleep whilst playing billiards with him.



Hat ornament of King Ludwig II.

(United Art Est., Munich.)

The concert singers Vogel and Nachbauer enjoyed the special favour of his Majesty, and it constantly happened that they were summoned by Royal Command, after a fatiguing evening at the theatre, to sing before the King at a late hour of the night, and if they slept on the following morning they were awakened in order to receive a handsome present from his Majesty, for which a letter of thanks had to be immediately written and dispatched.

Also Princess Gisela, who was held in especial favour by the King, was frequently obliged to rise in the night in order to receive an express messenger from his Majesty, who arrived

with a splendid bouquet, and the order to deliver it into her hands.

Ludwig would constantly make up his mind at a moment's notice to change his residence from one Castle to another, which, as he would frequently, at the last moment, issue counter orders, caused more often than not an immense amount of annoying and unnecessary labour to those entrusted with the arrangement of such matters. Many and many a night did the gorgeous Royal train wait for the King at the stations of Peissenberg, Murnau, Bissenhofen or Starnberg. His Majesty either did not come at all, or hours after the time appointed, and in the case of the latter, the pace at which the train was to proceed depended entirely upon the caprice of the royal traveller.

The nocturnal drives of his Majesty, taken either in carriages or sleighs, were attended with all the fantastic pomp and display of a Fairy King. These equipages, which during the life-time of the King, were kept at Linderhof (with the princely style of which they were in full accordance) are now exhibited at the Hofwagenburg, in Munich.

Six splendid snowwhite horses were harnessed to the gala carriage, built in the Baroque style, which served the purpose of sleigh. The outriders and wheelriders were attired with royal splendour and, with powdered wigs and three cornered hats, completed the picture of a royal progress at the time of the Rococo period.

His Majesty took long drives, visiting all his favourite haunts, and in order to insure greater speed, and also not to over-fatigue his horses, numerous relays were always provided for the occasion.

Arrived at his destination, the horses would be unharnessed and permitted to wander about at their own sweet will, and the King would amuse himself by watching them enjoy their freedom in the fresh alpine air, or would command a table to be set for his favourite, Cosa Rara, and shake with laughter when the animal, snuffing at the lunch, knocked over the dishes and glasses, which, instead of containing hay, oats and water, were filled with meat, fish and wine.

His Majesty visited all his scattered mountain homes with the greatest regularity, and the length of time spent at each was measured out with exactitude. From Schachen (one of these afore-mentioned mountain Castles) the King would take the road to Garmisch and Ettal through the quiet solitary Graswang Valley and return to Linderhof. This royal residence was built, eyrie-like, high up on the rocky summits of the

Pürschling and Brunnenkopfs, and in order to reach it, his Majesty was obliged to descend from his gorgeous Court equipage and enter a low mountain carriage.

The Hundingshütte (on the Geierköpfe and Kreuzspitze near Füssen) was another favourite haunt of the King, and it recalls to memory his former intention to have had the 1st Act of the Valkyrie (Walküre) acted here. This plan was, however, made public by the indiscretion of one to whom he had confided his intention, and the King, annoyed, abandoned the idea. The little Hermitage, situated in the dark pine-wood close to the Hundingshütte, was also one of his Majesty's favourite spots, and here he would often sit for hours at night in the depth of winter by the side of the primitive hearth, engrossed in some interesting book. It was here that he read the manuscript of Parsifal, and in memory of this he had the little plot before the house planted every summer with the rarest and most brilliant coloured flowers the Court Garden could produce.

“ — — Doch sah ich nie so mild und zart
Die Halme, Blüten und Blumen,
Noch duftet all' so kindlich hold
Und sprach so lieblich traut zu mir.”

During the last years of his life Ludwig showed a strong liking for his Castle of Linderhof, and he especially enjoyed spending the winter there.

Hundreds of hands were employed, at high wages, to clear away the snow for the royal sleigh drives. Any one who has ever felt the magic of a bright winter's night in the mountains, when the surrounding forests are buried in deep snow, and the rushing torrents turned to ice, can fully comprehend the charm which a drive through the lovely scenery of the Graspwang Valley would exercise upon the mind of the sensitive and lonely Sovereign. Owing to the perfect condition of the well-cleared roads the royal sleigh was able to proceed at a tremendous pace—and when the furious barking of the watch-dogs, and the tinkle of the bells announced the approach of his Majesty, the weary peasant, startled out of his sleep, would forsake the warm bed to go to the window, and amazed and confounded at the rapid dash past of the royal cavalcade, would fold his hands and mutter to himself: “Pfüt Di Gott, liabi Küni, gib's Gott, dass Dir nix passiert.” —

It is surprising that, although the attendants of his Majesty suffered bitterly from the cold during the long hours spent in the keen, sharp air, the King himself, who nevertheless invariably



King Ludovic II. on Swan Boat

kept his apartments very warm, seemed to suffer no inconvenience whatsoever from the long drives taken in the open sleigh.

The fantastic imagination of his Majesty led him to conceive and carry out the plan of building a copy of the celebrated Blue Grotto of Capri. The Grotto could be illuminated in blue, red, pink, green and white, but blue was always the favourite colour of the King. Ludwig never visited this Grotto except by night—he would first feed the swans, which, on his approach, would hurry to the shore with outstretched wings to meet him, then step into the pompous swan-like boat, followed by his attendant, and let himself be rowed about on the artificially-agitated waters of the lake. During this time the illuminations took place,—10 minutes being the regulation time allowed for each colour, so that his Majesty might have ample opportunity of observing all the effects of the same.

Only very few persons were privileged to see this spot, or were invited to partake of dinner there with the King. On the other hand, his favourite horse was once granted the honour of seeing the Blue Grotto. It had been Ludwig's wish to see here the 1st Act of Tannhäuser produced, but as it would have necessitated the presence of a large number of persons, he gave up the idea, also too out of regard for public opinion, which was apt to occupy itself too much with his Majesty's private concerns.

When the King entered the Grotto the high stalactite vault glittered like a huge cut sapphire, and over the rocks, over the rushing waterfall, and enormous picture of Tannhäuser, trembled and sparkled a beautiful blue shimmer, so that the whole spot lay bathed in a veil-like, magic light and the lake reflected, at one moment the deep blue of the peacock, and at another the pure, pale charm of the forget-me-not.

A pressure of the button on the coral table by the side of his Majesty's seat was all that was needed to produce a change in the colour of the illuminations—the last, and end of which, was a union of all the different colours together, and after which the King, rousing himself from the dream into which he had sunk, would rise and quit his quiet Dorado.

The full beauty of the apartments at Castle Linderhof only revealed itself when illuminated by the pale soft light of candles, and it was then that Ludwig, with his ever active imagination, pictured to himself the former splendours of Trianon—his fancy peopled the apartments with the brilliant Court Society which gazed down upon him from the pictures

on the walls, and he saw himself the centre of a brilliant circle. After a time, his Majesty, wearied by the very activity of his own thoughts, turned aside, and gazed out of the window in the vain hope of finding a momentary relief in nature. And now again, with the rapidity and magic of a kaleidoscope, the whole scene changes. Surrounded by steep mountains, and buried in the heart of a solitary forest is the green Plan Lake. Its wide unruffled surface seems asleep in the silver moonshine of the warm Spring night, and the atmosphere breathes peace.

On the shore a little stream is murmuring, and here, in by-gone times, the Imperial ancestor of the Bavarian King once rested with his merry comrades, on returning from the chase. On this same spot now sits a descendant of his House, seeking, in the stillness of the night, to drive away those thoughts, which will pursue and haunt him.

Now a boat glides slowly over the silver waters of the lake, and the solitary passenger, his eye fixed on the ripples, dreams of the time when pure, real happiness seemed actually within his grasp, when he, the Author, so to speak, of Germany's Union, was the object of the Nation's adoration—it is but a momentary dream, and with a harsh and bitter laugh, Ludwig recalls the present, and in a voice choked with emotion, bids his attendant guide his boat to land.

The Royal carriage is there in waiting, and the King, springing into it, orders his attendants to take him with all speed to Neuschwanstein. There, where the happy hours of childhood were spent in innocent, harmless play, the unhappy Monarch must surely find the peace he craves. — — —

In the Schwangau the dream of Ludwig's youth is now being realised. A unique, and splendid Castle has been raised up out of the ruins of the former rocky nest—and the King, passing slowly through its halls and rooms, is greeted on all sides by harmonious beauty.

A truly German atmosphere surrounds his Majesty, and upstairs, in the great Singers' Hall, he is charmed and comforted by the bright colour and harmonious forms which meet his eye. Here Legend and Reality are transformed into the ideal picture of his youth.

One picture, especially, draws down upon it the attention of his Majesty. It is "Parzival meeting Prince Cahenis on Good Friday." Something prompts the King to issue orders that this picture, as yet uncompleted, shall be finished by Good

Friday, and on the evening of that day he stands again before it, lost in contemplation.

No sound breaks the solemn stillness of the star-lit winter's night. The noisy roar of the mountain stream is hushed, for its waters have long since turned to ice—and there, in the centre of the lofty bridge which spans the Pöllatschlucht, stands the solitary figure of the King, his eyes fixed on the Castle, the white walls of which stand out in sharp relief against the blackness of the night. Suddenly, as if by the stroke of a magic wand, light flashes from every window of that huge building, and a gleam of satisfaction flits over the earnest features of the King. He, the magician, at whose command this Castle has been raised, rejoices in the wondrous charm of his creation.

Now again the Royal sleigh hurries through the night. Through the Park—along the road to Reutte—past the ice-bound Blind, Mitter and Weissen Lakes—on-on—till the lonely little Fernstein Inn is reached. Here, where his Majesty has hired and furnished apartments in the Rococo style, he makes a pause of several hours to rest, and dine.

The wide surface of the Chiemsee lies at peace, bathed in the magic rays of the wintry moon. A simple rowing boat is there in waiting to convey his Majesty at the hour of midnight to his Castle. — — — — —

The proud Versailles-island rises up out of the dark shadows of the giant trees which line the shore, and as the Monarch treads the ground of his Island Kingdom, the huge building bursts into a blaze of brilliant light, and the gates are opened wide in welcome.

His Majesty, mounting the marble steps, enters the large and lofty hall, which clever hands have turned into a maze of sweet and lovely blossoms. He passes from room to room, till, wearied, he pauses for a while at one of the large bow-windows, and lets his eye wander over the charming landscape stretched out before him. The sound of bells from the Tassilo Minster at Frauenwörth rouse him from his reverie. The fountains have ceased to play, and, one by one, the lights are being extinguished, and as the shadows of the night give place to dawn, his Majesty retires to rest. — — — — —

It is now the month of May, and King Ludwig is accompanying his illustrious guest, the Empress Elisabeth of Austria,

on a night excursion round the Starnberger Lake—which, to both of them, is so familiar and so dear.

Between these two royal personages there exists a real and deep affection. No-one, perhaps, but the tender-hearted Empress has ever been able to follow the flight of Ludwig's active imagination, and her sincere admiration for the artistic ideals of the much misunderstood Monarch did much to banish the melancholy from his brow, and to render happy the hours spent in her society. It was with real sorrow that she had witnessed the sudden end to his short dream of love, and now she sees approaching the sad fate, which, all too soon, is to cast its dusky shadows over the life of the unhappy Monarch.

The steamer has long since disappeared from view, but amongst the reeds bordering the low edges of the lake a little murmuring has arisen. The water sprites have watched their favourite hurry past with sympathy and sorrow, and now gaze anxiously at the heavy bank of clouds collecting in the west.

A heavy storm breaks over the lake—the giant trees in the Castle Park bend groaning beneath the wind as the royal carriage dashes past, and takes the forest road leading to Castle Fürstenerried. It is to his brother Otto that the King is hastening. He alone can soothe and quieten the poor Prince, when visited by those terrible attacks, in which, by Ludwig's strictest orders, the Doctor are to show him every possible consideration, and so it comes about that the brother's love succeeds, where Science fails. What the King's pitying heart suffered in those hours, when witnessing the cruel destruction of the merry comrade and brother of his youth, God alone can ever know!

Although Ludwig, during the latter end of his life, seldom appeared in public, yet his warm sympathy for human suffering and unmerited distress showed itself on every possible occasion, and in that circle, in which his kind charitable actions turned many a tear into joy, he is still remembered with gratitude as the "King of the Poor."

The extensive sums of money, which flowed out of his exchequer every year, are ample proofs that he discharged his exalted duties as Father of the Country, in the fullest sense of the word, and the number of authentic stories, in which his generous intervention was looked upon in the homes of the poor as a gift direct from Heaven, are legion.

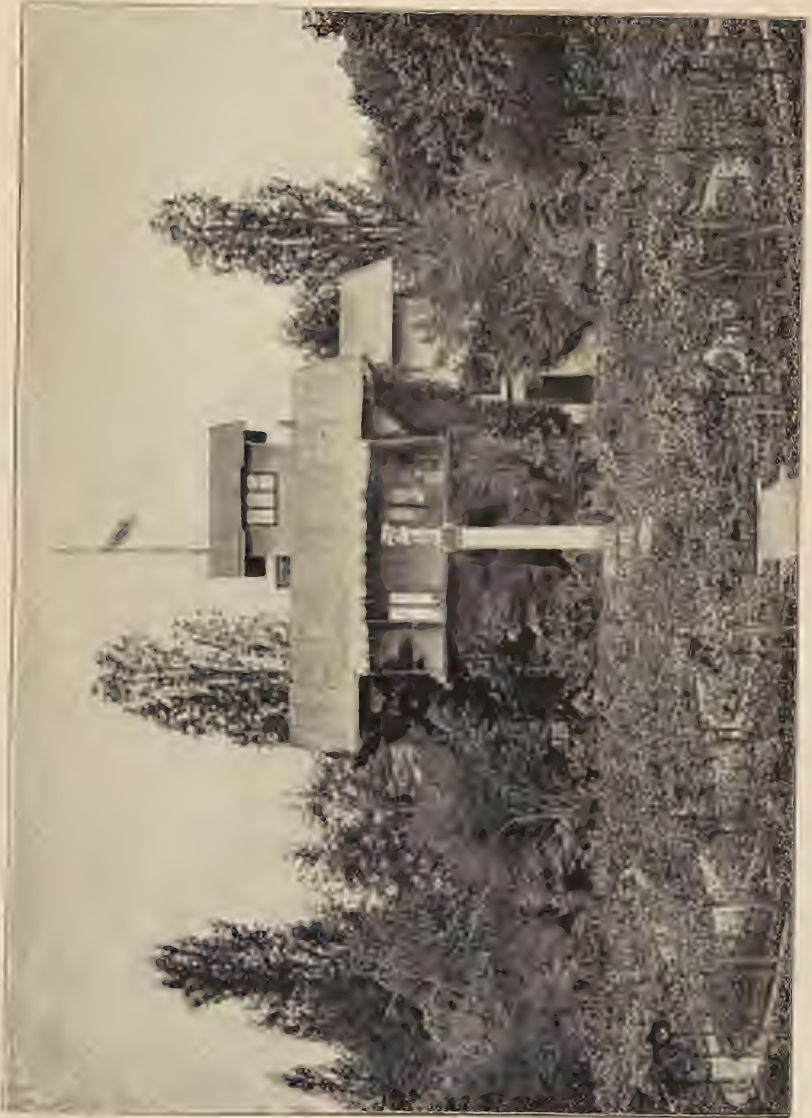


His Majesty, King Ludwig II, sleighing.

This sense of charitableness is one of the most charming and brightest sides in the character of the King, whose illness and want of experience in worldly matters drove him from one extreme to the other. Quite different are the abrupt changes from greatest confidence to the most uncalled-for mistrust, his want of moderation in affection and dislike, and his strong sense of beauty in artistic matters side by side with his astonishing want of taste. Those persons who enjoyed his favour he overwhelmed with honours and gifts, for the value of which he had no comprehension. Those who served him he absolutely spoilt, and then suddenly pushed them aside, although this was accomplished courteously, and he evinced solicitude for the future fate of the parties concerned. The determination to rid himself from persons, who annoyed him, was invariably kept a profound secret from everyone until the moment arrived. This trait in his character showed itself in his dismissal of his highly deserving Cabinet Chef Eisenhart. A valuable present had just assured the Official of his Majesty's esteem when, on the following day, he suddenly received notice of his dismissal from Office. It arrived instead of the carriage, which was to have been sent to fetch Eisenhart to accompany the King to Castle Berg.

The life of his Majesty, after the year 1875, was in all respects a very uneventful one. In regard to the inner politics of the country, Ludwig, who to the end of his life observed faithfully the oath of the Constitution and was invariably anxious for the well-being of his people, remained true to the views which he, with the calling of Hohenlohe to Office, had so decidedly adopted. He held resolutely by his Ministers, in spite of all the many attacks which were made upon them. All his actions relating to the government of his Kingdom show a moderate, statesmanlike capability, manly assurance and calmness—and this even also during those dark days when the demoniacal powers of his terrible illness had got the unfortunate Prince fast in their clutches. Even in those desperate times, when the crisis affecting the Exchequer of the Cabinet knocked threateningly at the doors of his Castles, Ludwig turned again to his Privy Council for assistance and advice, and the fact that he once, in a moment of overpowering anger, issued draconic orders for his Ministers to be dismissed and replaced by complaisant and obsequious persons can never be taken into account, for it was merely an explosion caused by his over-excited mental condition, which he himself, a moment later, entirely forgot. The letter which he, in the year 1883,

wrote to the Minister President von Lutz reminds one, by its clear-headed expressions, of the days of his bright youth,



Pavilion on the Roseninsel.

and is given here below, as it, to a certain extent, affords the keynote to his career as Ruler.

"I have observed with regret the difficulties which in the last few months have been laid in the path of My Ministers, who, I know, work only for the good of the country—and I feel Myself called upon to express the firm expectation that you and your fellow-officials, My chosen Ministers of the Crown, will still continue to persevere, and to support with all your might, the rights of My government, as you have hitherto always done. As regards the position of the Church to the State, I have always promised the Church My complete protection, and I shall never cease to defend the religious views of My people, in which I recognise the foundation of order.

It is My will that the religious needs of the country shall be subjected to the most careful consideration and attention. I insist also, that My government, now, and in the future, shall oppose all efforts which endeavour to set aside the undoubted and necessary rights of the State, or which are calculated to place the Church and State, in a disastrous, unfriendly position. In repeating this, My will, I express to you and your fellow-officials My warm appreciation of your loyal endurance under so many difficulties."

In the year 1876 the Ministry of Lutz was violently attacked by the majority of the Diet, which his Majesty ostentatively replied to by sending a warm telegraphic message of congratulation on the birthday of his Minister.

On the occasion of a dinner at Court on the 10th of February, 1876, his Majesty's brilliant and spirited conversation on the subjects of the drama, philosophical works, and art literature attracted the universal attention and admiration of his listeners.

The exhibition of Art and Technical Trade, which was held this year at Munich, had not only a subsequent influence upon the artistic trade of Munich but also upon his Majesty himself. The King paid several visits to this Culture-Historical undertaking, but as he desired to enjoy the works of art alone, and undisturbed, he selected to go there at hours, when the Exhibition was closed to the ordinary public.

His Majesty, on the occasion of his visiting a Flower Show held at the Glaspalast in Munich, and which he witnessed from a gallery set apart for his private convenience, is said to have uttered the following characteristic remark. "Unfortunately," he said, "I let Myself be persuaded to descend from the heights of the gallery to go amongst the people, whereby the poetical impression of the scene was converted

for me into desperate prose—for man does not descend from the Gods down into the circle of mortals with impunity.”

This same year saw the crowning of the work of Richard Wagner's life (in which King Ludwig had taken such an active interest) by the production of the “Ring of the Nibelung” in



The Empress Elisabeth of Austria.

the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth. On the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Festival Play House on the 22nd of May, 1872, the King despatched the following telegram of congratulation to Wagner. “I send you, My dearest friend, from the depth of My heart My warmest and most sincere good wishes on the occasion of this all-important day to Germany. Good luck and blessing be upon the great undertaking! I am today more than ever united to you in spirit.”

Not only with words did the King assist Wagner, but he also helped him with considerable sums of money to carry out his undertaking.

In the August days of the year 1876 Wagner achieved—German Art achieved—in the wondrous tones of the “Ring of the Nibelung” a triumph such as had never been achieved before. The storm of applause, in which, at the end of the 4th day, the visitors, after a solemn religious silence, returned thanks to the great Master, was a happy recompence to Ludwig for all he had suffered in supporting the Wagner Art ideal.

Wagner, in a voice broken by emotion, expressed his warmest thanks to all who had assisted him to victory—above all, to his illustrious benefactor, King Ludwig, in whom he recognised the co-partner of his work—that work which had just affected all hearts by the sublime and redeeming power of tragic art.

The ovations which this brought upon the King were so hearty and so overwhelming that the eyes of his Majesty, as he again and again bowed his acknowledgments, repeatedly filled with tears.

King Ludwig had torn himself away from his mountain home to witness the triumph of his Artist-friend, and to strengthen, in a solemn manner, and before the eyes of an international public, the bond of friendship of his youth.

Ludwig’s arrival at Bayreuth 10 years ago had taken place under totally different circumstances, then, he had entered the town amidst the enthusiastic greeting of his people. Now, he had descended from the train at Colndorf (some little distance from Bayreuth) and driven from thence to the Hermitage, where he occupied the apartments in the new Margrave Castle. The next day he drove along a road through the fields to the Festspielhaus, which he entered at the back, the members of the Town Council being, meanwhile, drawn up at the principal entrance to receive him. It seemed, too, as if the illumination of the town, which had been planned for the evening, were likewise doomed to failure. At the repeated pressing request of the mayor, as to whether this might take place, the Adjutant of his Majesty was obliged to acknowledge that the King had given no reply to the question put to him, however, on his Majesty being appealed to a second time, he gave his consent to the proposal. In a moment the streets were a perfect blaze of light, and crowds assembled to see the King. The carriage of his Majesty

appeared, but it was closed, and the Prince, who had not yet recovered from the agitating scenes in the Theatre, leant back exhausted on the cushions of his carriage, and only those



The Banquet on the occasion of the Festival of the Knights of S. George.
(United Art Est., Munich.)

who stood nearest to it were able to obtain a glimpse of him, as he slightly inclined his head in acknowledgment of the cheers.

Ludwig, who had rapidly driven back to his apartments at the Markgraf Castle, wandered about the festively illuminated paths of the magnificent old Park of the Hermitage until the early morning. The former brilliancy of this spot—which had resembled the gay Court life of Versailles en miniature, and which was so full of historical memories—the thought of Friedrich the Great—of the Margravine Wilhelmine and Voltaire, who had in former times paced this park—all this rose up now before his eyes, and he was haunted by the dark figure of the unhappy Margrave Friedrich Christian, who, shunning social intercourse, and hating his fellow-creatures, had been secluded here in the solitude of this Princely residence, and had become insane.

Towards the end of the seventies the formerly slight figure of his Majesty began to grow stout and somewhat unyieldy, his face assumed an unhealthy swollen appearance, and the luxuriant dark hair began to grow light about the parting—nevertheless the tall figure remained unbent, the interesting characteristic head sat proudly on his broad, well-made shoulders, and though corpulent, his appearance had by no means assumed ungainly proportions. His subjects had several times the opportunity of beholding him as a Grand Master of the Order of S. George, (for the last time in 1880) on which occasions his appearance excited universal admiration and delight. “Every inch a King” this expression seemed almost to have been created for him. In his majestic bearing, in his movements, there lay something so winning and so attractive, which made his appearance not one to be forgotten.

All Bavaria occupied itself in preparing for the brilliant festivities which, in the year 1880, were to commemorate the completion of the 7 centuries which had elapsed since the great Hohenstaufen Emperor, Friedrich Barbarossa, had raised his friend, the Margrave, Otto of Wittelsbach, to the rank and title of Duke of Bavaria.

In a letter to the Town Council of Munich Ludwig declined all pompous celebration of the Jubilee, and at the same time he expressed the wish that a portion of the money thus saved might be devoted to a “Wittelsbach Institution,” which he, in conjunction with his brother Otto, richly endowed in memory of the occasion.

His Majesty, however, avoided all the festivities, and spent the day in strict seclusion at his Castle of Schachen. As proof, however, that he was not unmindful of the occasion, but on the contrary, deeply touched at the devotion of his subjects, he issued the following Proclamation:



Dubbing a Knight at the Festival of S. George.

(United Art. Est., Munich.)

"To My People! On this day which, in honour of My House, is to be so festively observed, I feel it to be My bounden duty to express the feelings of real, deep gratitude, which I experience on looking back on the past 7 centuries. This thankfulness is for the unwavering loyalty and attachment of My People towards the House of Wittelsbach. Amongst those qualities for which My People are so justly celebrated, those of loyalty and devotion are the most prominent. Loyalty is for Me the foundation of My Throne—attachment the most precious jewel of My Crown. I unite with my sincerest thanks the assurance that the welfare of My People is the object of My warmest wishes—that it is the condition on which My own happiness depends. Like My ancestors, who are asleep in God, and whose memories are now about to be honoured by such touching proofs of piety, I am filled with trustful confidence that My People always remain faithful to their Prince. It is with this sublime feeling that I enter on the 8th Century of the Government of My House. May unclouded happiness be allotted to My People in all future ages! May God grant it!"

Ludwig made known his interest and sympathy with the Exhibition opened at Nürnberg, also with the Electro-technical Exhibition in the year 1882, also, in 1883, he presented a splendid banner to his Soldiers' League, but beyond forcing himself to spend a few weeks of the year in the Capital, he took no active share, whatsoever, in any of the festivities or arrangements celebrating the occasion.

When taking his usual evening drive in the English Garden, Ludwig, leaning back on the cushions of his closed carriage, never failed to return the greetings of his subjects who assembled to see him pass. At a later hour of the night, the glass veranda of the Winter Garden would be lighted up, and here his Majesty spent hours, lost in reverie and dreams.

So long as the King was alive, a veil of mystery hung round the special productions which were given for him, at his command, at the Court Theatre.

It was alleged that a senseless splendour and extravagance was the rule on such occasions, that the pieces, which afforded his Majesty the greatest pleasure, were those which contained scenes of exquisite, Nero-like cruelty, moreover that the House was kept in total darkness, the King being accordingly invisible to the Actors on the Stage. It was strictly forbidden to make public any details respecting these representations, which rendered the contradiction of the absurd reports impossible, but after the King's death it was officially announced



King Ludwig II, as Grand Master of the Order of S. George.

that the Theatre on these nights was lighted up as an ordinary public occasions, and that the subjects, which his Majesty himself selected, and entrusted to Herr v. Heigel to adapt for the Stage, were not only those relating to the Bourbon era, but also episodes from Spanish History, from the Court life of the Margraves of Bayreuth, and the eventful past of the Schwangau.

These special representations were undoubtedly very fatiguing to the Actors, but his Majesty showed his gratitude for their exertions by presenting them with brilliant and valuable gifts.

The idea of the King in commanding these private productions in the theatre was not really so absurd as it may appear at first sight. Anyone who has suffered greatly from nervousness knows how painful it is to be made the object of close scrutiny through an opera-glass, and when the object is a King, and one, moreover, who for years has withdrawn himself from public life, and who anxiously endeavours to avoid every sort of noisy demonstration, it is all the more easy to understand and sympathise with his feelings.

In the year 1881 the King assumed the Protectorship of the Bayreuth Festival Plays, and commanded that the orchestre and choir of the Court Theatre should annually be placed at their disposal.

Parzival—the Swan Song of the Master of Bayreuth—was now given before Ludwig at the Court Theatre in Munich. In this the King saw and heard the embodiment of that mystical charm which, in a truly religious manner, illuminates the Art of Wagner, and the work, of which he recognised the grandeur, impressed and touched him greatly.

Whenever Richard Wagner passed Munich on his trips to Italy, he was invariably received and warmly welcomed by the King, who looked upon his friendship for the Master as a sacred legacy of the golden days of his youth. Even this source of happiness was taken from his Majesty, for Wagner died at Venice, and the King, who clung to him with all his heart, was terribly overcome at the loss of his true and valued friend.

He stood now quite alone in that world, which had become strange to him, and for whom he was now, more than ever, incomprehensible.

Ludwig overwhelmed the mortal remains of the great Musician with royal honours. An enormous wreath formed the visible parting greeting* of his Majesty to his friend, and

on the day of Wagner's funeral, he shut himself up in his Castle of Neuschwanstein, overcome with grief.

In the spring of 1881 Victor Hugo's "*Manon Lescaut*" formed one of the special theatre productions played before his Majesty—the rôle of Didier being taken, on this occasion, by the Actor Josef Kainz. The King was greatly charmed by the vigour, passionate fire and harmonious voice of this actor, and he showed his appreciation by sending him the gift of a handsome ring. The tone which Kainz adopted in his letter of thanks procured him the full favour of his Majesty, and a letter from the latter assured the Actor of his warm and friendly feelings. Kainz was present at several of the private theatrical representations as the guest of his Majesty, and at the commencement of June, he received the command to go to Linderhof. The question of his Majesty, put to the Cabinet, if Kainz were not a Jew, and his name an assumed one, is a distinct proof of Ludwig's keen powers of observation. In each respect he had guessed correctly. The visit to Linderhof resulted in a close bond of friendship, and gave occasion to much talk and incorrect judgment of the parties concerned. The letters, written by his Majesty to Kainz, afford a deep insight into the King's heart, and the Actor was more than happy to have obtained by his Art the favour of his sovereign—he desired, and sought nothing further. His harmonious voice—the tones of which charmed Ludwig so greatly—his spirited declamation were for King Ludwig, what the music of David's harp was for Saul. The fact that the intimate relation between King and Actor was only of two months duration can be easily accounted for by the illness of his Majesty, and also by the Actor's want of experience in associating with crowned heads.

The King's manner, at his first meeting with Kainz, betrayed a certain amount of reserve which, however, soon gave place to hearty advances and affability. With charming amiability he played the part of cicerone to his guest, and showed him all over the Castle of Linderhof, and the desire to keep the newly-acquired friend near him for a longer period, formed in him the resolution to travel in his company to Switzerland, and there to visit the classical scenes of Tell's Drama. His Majesty accordingly invited Kainz on the 22nd of June to accompany him. The letter, to commemorate the commencement of their friendship, was signed under the name of Ludwig, Marquis de Saverny, Kainz himself being spoken of in it as "Didier," and under these two names the King and

Artist started off on the 27th of June from Mühlthal. His Majesty, however, was not long able to preserve his incognito, and on arriving at the Lake of Lucerne, he found, to his intense annoyance, that large crowds had collected to see him. In like manner all the landing stages of the steamer were filled to overflowing by hundreds of persons anxious to obtain a passing glimpse of his Majesty, and who greeted him with loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. The King, on arriving at Brunnen, left the steamer, and bowing repeatedly in response to the cheers and ovations of the crowd, he entered his carriage and drove off immediately to Hôtel Axenstein, which, situated at a great height above the level of the lake, commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Here, his Majesty had intended making a visit of some duration, but again he was annoyed and irritated by the pushing attentions of the travelling public, and on the Bookseller Benziger placing his countryseat "Gutenberg" at his disposal, his Majesty gladly availed himself of the offer, and leaving the Hôtel, took up his abode there.

The King and his companion now occupied themselves in making long excursions by land or by water to the surrounding neighbourhood. All the places mentioned in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" were visited in turn, and the beauty of the lake and mountain scenery, in connection with its interesting historical memories, rendered these numerous excursions a source of unending pleasure and happiness to the King.

His Majesty, during his visit at the Villa Gutenberg, made, with winning kindness and affability, daily inquiries after the health of the family, who, on their part, returned the greeting by presenting the King every morning with a magnificent bouquet of flowers. These were placed, by Ludwig's especial command, in the royal sitting room, and carefully taken care of until his departure. His Majesty frequently spoke to the sons of Mr. Benziger, who were loud in their praises of his kindness and condescension and when, on the day of his departure, the Misses Benziger presented the King with bouquets of flowers, he himself took them out of their hands, conversed for some time with them, and on leaving, shook hands repeatedly, and waved to them with his hat and flowers. These two bouquets he took with him to Munich.

The friendship between the King and Kainz now commenced somewhat to cool down—his Majesty occasionally

showing signs of irritability and displeasure towards his companion. As a rule, however, his kindheartedness gained the ascendancy and he overlooked the faults in his Artist-friend.

On one occasion, when returning at night from an excursion, Kainz, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep on the steamer, whereupon the King, to prevent his catching cold, carefully wrapped him up in his own mantle. A few days later, when on the Rütli, his Majesty asked Kainz to recite for him the Melchthal Scene, a request which the Actor, on the plea of being fatigued, did not comply with. Ludwig made no remark, but turning away, he returned alone to the Villa Gutenberg, which he quitted the next day without acquainting the Artist with his movements. At Lucerne he received him again with perfect good temper and friendliness, and his annoyance and displeasure seemed to have completely disappeared. His Majesty permitted his friend to conduct him to the photographer, where he, in company with Kainz, was taken in various different positions. On the 13th of July, at 10 p. m. they returned to Munich. Kainz afterwards received several letters from his Majesty, in which he made mention of "the delightful days spent in Switzerland"—but the breach had taken place, and was not to be repaired—only Ludwig, in his kindheartedness, was anxious to do his utmost to avoid causing his former friend and companion pain, by a sudden and open severance, of their friendship.

In the year 1883 a decided change for the worse took place in the mental condition of the King. Up to this point he had conscientiously and punctually fulfilled all the duties of the State, now however, he ceased entirely to hold personal communication with his Ministers, and everything had to be committed to writing. The King's correspondence, which, on account of his building undertakings, was already very extensive, now assumed really gigantic proportions. He studied every plan with the utmost carefulness, and his thorough knowledge of everything, pertaining to that branch of knowledge which showed itself in the instructions for alterations or improvements, excited the astonishment of professionals. A large proportion of those innumerable objects d'art, which were scattered amongst his various Castles, had been, to a great extent, made after his own directions. Each article was carefully examined by the King, and placed, by innate intuition, exactly on that spot where it was seen to the best advantage. His intellectual co-operation in the production of the wealth of pictures which adorned his residences, his untiring study

of historical works, and his deep interest in all technical achievements must inspire anyone, who takes an interest in the life of this unhappy Monarch, with a feeling of admiration for his strength of will and untiring activity. It is, however, not admiration alone, which is due to the King, but also sympathy and deep compassion for the unfortunate man, who struggling against Fate with all his might, was, nevertheless, condemned to be a victim to incurable insanity.

The King exerted himself to the utmost to keep his disease a secret from the world, and if outsiders were deceived, and refused, in spite of proofs, to believe in his state of health, it was his Majesty's own efforts which contributed to this, and his courage in not giving way in the face of the terrible Fate awaiting him.

It is certain that, during the last years of his life, Ludwig enjoyed very few days of perfect health. He suffered constantly from toothache and violent pain at the back of his head — added to this was the sudden and rapid change of mood from child-like joy to morbid satiety of life—from a distressing fear of premature death to attacks of animal-like fury on the smallest provocation.

The increasing influence of his disease led to hallucinations, during which his Majesty carried on loud conversations with himself, burst into fits of unmeaning laughter, danced round the room, or stood immovable for hours, imagined he heard voices and steps, and saw articles lying on the floor. The King soon discovered that his delusions made him appear ridiculous in the eyes of those about him, and that these persons, meaning well, made fun of him in consequence. Those who ventured to correct him, called down upon themselves his unbridled anger, and those who were clever enough to hold their tongues, he instantly suspected. Still there were also lucid and peaceful periods for the unhappy Monarch, and at such times he treated his attendants with touching kindness and amiability.

When he visited his mother for the last time in the Autumn of 1881, the Court Ladies were greatly struck by his quiet and depressed demeanour. During dinner he never once addressed them, then, probably recollecting the happy days when he had been able to amuse and interest everyone by the brilliancy of his conversational powers, he excused himself on the plea of feeling ill.

In February, 1884, a dentist (Dr. Franz Karl) was received by the King in order to consult him about his teeth. The

audience lasted nearly four hours, during which time his Majesty talked incessantly—jumping from one topic to another, the real object of the Doctor's visit, however, being barely touched upon. He, who could no longer endure a glance from anyone of his surroundings, bore, with the most remarkable self-control, the eye of the Doctor constantly upon him—suffered without a word the discomfort of a careful examination of his teeth, and even submitted to objections raised by the Doctor to some of his ideas, which he then amiably endeavoured, by counter-arguments, to extenuate.

It was certified by medical men that, in the disease of the King, an intellectual current moved on by the side of the diseased currents, and that, owing to his Majesty's extraordinary will-power, it was rendered possible for him to think and act logically until the remainder of this still-healthy mental faculty should be finally destroyed by some external cause. The resistance of his Majesty against the development of his illness now gradually became weaker. When, at the outbreak of the crisis in the Exchequer of the Cabinet, the Financial Papers heaped sneers upon the head of the unfortunate bankrupt, Ludwig felt it deeply, for, least of all, had he anticipated attacks in this direction. He had no idea that these isolated voices would increase to powerful waves which, in course of time, would draw him down into the abyss, from which there could be no escape. The King had never been able to understand the value of money. His unbounded generosity, his taste for splendour, his inordinate love of building, and his deafness to all advice to reduce his expenditure, all this combined to render his ruin inevitable. With the commencement of the eighties financial difficulties began to set in, and a loan of 7½ millions only sufficed to right matters for the moment.

All the entreaties and representations of his Ministers were regarded by the King as tokens of ill-will, the perseverance in his great building plans, on the other hand, as his royal prerogative. The advice of his Ministers, seconded by his Cabinet Secretary Schneider, advocating the greatest economy in the Royal Household, as well as the cessation of all building enterprises, excited the intense anger of the King, who, in May 1886, issued an Order to his Ministers to lay a proposal before the Diet to advance a sum of money, not only for the clearing off of present debts, but also to enable him to continue, and carry out his building plans. The answer to this was in the negative. Again an attempt was made to induce his Majesty to return to Munich, but without success. Even in his healthier



The last Portrait of King Ludwig II.
(United Art Est., Munich.)

days, Ludwig would never have listened to this proposition, for the shame of having suffered shipwreck in financial matters would have appeared to him incompatible with his exalted position as Sovereign.

The advice to adopt another style of living, and to give up building was easier to give, than to follow. A man, with a character like Ludwig II, who possessed more than his full share of obstinacy, does not give up the habits of a lifetime in a moment, and it must have caused him a feeling of bitterness when the Representatives of his country offered him stones for bread, and thanked him with pitying shruggings of their shoulders for the millions which he, with really princely liberality, had cast broadcast amongst the people for the promotion of Art and Technical Industry. His Majesty still endeavoured to raise money from foreign courts—but without credit, and stripped of his prestige as Sovereign by the Press, all his efforts remained unavailing.

The excitement of these days contributed, in no small degree, to increase the mental aberration of his Majesty. The Royal House and the Ministers, who throughout all these months had carried out their difficult duties with such true loyalty and devotion, were forced to recognise the fact that the unhappy Ruler of the country had fallen a prey to hopeless insanity.

The professional opinion of experienced physicians, and the statements of his Majesty's attendants rendered speedy action a painful, but unavoidable duty.

His Majesty had broken down, worn out in the severe struggle against the unconquerable powers of a terrible disease, and his strong will gave way before the superior force of nature. His bringing up, his exalted position, and his whole career had helped to bring about this crisis.

A life full of bitter tragedy had ended.





THE DRAMA AT NEUSCHWANSTEIN AND BERG.

The Alpine Spring, with all its untold wealth of blossom and bright sunshine, had held again its entry in the Schwangau, yet over the beauty of the scene there lay a veil, which even the glory of the season could not penetrate.

Full of sympathy and sorrow, the eyes of all the people were fixed anxiously upon this jewel of the Bavarian Highlands, for here it was that their beloved Prince and Ruler had been leading, for months, a life of strict seclusion—a life, which inward restlessness was dooming to destruction, and into which no ray of light or happiness seemed to enter.

After the destruction of his hopes of assistance from the country, the terrible seriousness of his position dawned upon the King, and a complete change took place in his daily habits. Now again he rested during the night, and spent the day in taking long walks or drives, going about amongst the people, whose greetings he invariably returned with affability, and taking especial notice of the children, for whom he always had a kind word. But now, as he emerged out of the darkness of the night into the light of day—out of solitude into life, his nervousness increased from day to day, and it became impossible for him to settle down. Full of unrest, he drove about amongst the mountains, moved again at the beginning of May to Linderhof, and on quitting it, signified his intention of returning on the 23rd of June, in order to spend a few days at the Kavalierhäuser on the Pürschling. On his return, on the 2nd of June, to Hohenschwangau, he occupied the apartments in Castle Neuschwanstein. This stately Castle, in which King Ludwig had erected a lasting monument to his name, was destined by Fate to witness the sad termination of his reign.

The voices of the foreign Press, which spoke of an immediate change about to take place in the present state of affairs, grew daily louder—the Bavarian newspapers, on the other hand, denying each sensational story as it arose, with all the energy in its power. Yet, even the King himself will have guessed that some decided step against him was about to take place, but he now lacked that needful strength of will to meet his fate halfway, by returning to the Capital. He seemed to live in expectation of a miracle to rescue him out of his desperate situation, and, in the meantime, issued order after order relating to the furtherance of his building plans. He hoped, by active participation in the work, to drive away that inexplicable feeling of anxiety which oppressed and weighed him down—but it was of no avail. The utter hopelessness of his position, the terror of the future, and the deathlike stillness of his Castle, all combined to fill him with a nervous horror, and a feeling of mute despair came over him. Was this to be the end of his once-brilliant Kingship? Was the Valhalla of his dreams about to collapse in ruins at his feet?—the *Götterdämmerung*? Even Nature seemed to suffer with her favourite—dense fogs veiled the mountains, and the Pöllat, swollen by the never-ceasing rain, roared and thundered in its rocky bed.

On the evening of the 9th of June, a Commission arrived at Hohenschwangau, appointed by H. R. H. Prince Luitpold, and consisting of the following gentlemen: Minister Freiherr v. Crailsheim, Grafen Holnstein and Törring, Legationsrat Dr. Rumpler, Oberstl. Freiherr v. Washington, Obermedizinalrat Dr. v. Gudden and Assistenzarzt Dr. Müller. They had instructions to deliver into the hands of his Majesty a letter from Prince Luitpold, conveying the intelligence of the resolution arrived at by the Council to place the country under a Regent—and also—in the most tactful manner possible—to place his Majesty under medical restraint.

The manner in which the State Commission carried out the painful task allotted to it, was made, at that time, the subject of much sharp criticism, but as his Majesty had to be the first to receive the intelligence of the unalterable decision of the State to appoint a Regent, it is difficult to see what other course could have been adopted. It is to the honour of the aged uncle of the King (who, at first, had absolutely refused to give his sanction to the proposed measures) that he would not permit the Proclamation of the Regency until he, himself, had made his Majesty acquainted with the facts, and until the unfortunate Prince was placed under the care of his medical attendants.

The measures which, out of regard for the feelings of his Majesty, had been adopted to keep the parties, responsible for the preservation of public peace and order, in perfect ignorance of the coming events proved to be a great mistake, and might have led to very serious consequences. The Authorities in Munich had evidently failed to take into account the affection of the mountain-people for their Sovereign, as likewise the difficulty of obtaining admission to the presence of his Majesty. And that he, himself, should dream of offering opposition, certainly never dawned upon them.

When the State Commission drove up from Hohenschwangau to Neuschwanstein at 3 o'clock in the morning (taking thus into consideration the usual habits of his Majesty) and demanded admittance to the Castle, they found it guarded by gend'armes, who, showing an Order from the King to that effect, politely, but resolutely refused to grant them entrance. His Majesty had been informed of the arrival of the Commission by a stableman, and thereupon promptly taken measures to prevent them gaining admittance. All the remonstrances of the State Officials were in vain—the gend'armes were not to be prevailed upon, and after a whole hour wasted in discussion, the Commission saw itself obliged to return to Hohenschwangau. In the meantime, a report had been circulated with lightning speed, that his Majesty was about to be taken away as prisoner from his Castle. By order of his Majesty the Fire Brigades of Füssen and Hohenschwangau were summoned to his assistance, and the loyal fellows hastened to the Castle, determined to protect their Sovereign to the utmost of their power. The wildest reports were spread about, producing a dangerous effect on the already excited mind of the crowds, which had speedily collected. All were determined to shield the King from the dangers threatening him at the risk of their own lives, and it was with difficulty that the District Official Sonntag (who had hurried up from Füssen) prevailed upon the people collected within, and without the Castle court to abstain from committing deeds of violence.

The Members of the Commission, perplexed at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, had returned to Hohenschwangau and there held a consultation as to their further mode of action. The intelligence of the failure of their plan was immediately despatched to Munich, accompanied by an urgent request to publish the Proclamation of the Regency without delay. A second attempt to gain admittance to his Majesty would only meet with the same results, and, in the face of the present

attitude of the people, certainly not advisable. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a Sergeant Major of gend'armes arrived at Castle Hohenschwangau and showed a Order from the King, empowering him to take the entire Commission prisoner, and to conduct them to Neuschwanstein. The objections of the High Officials, that there was no lawful cause for the carrying out of this warrant, received no consideration, neither did the production of the Patent of the Regency, although signed by his R. H. Prince Luitpold himself—the gend'arme insisted on putting the Royal Command into speedy execution and seemed inclined, if necessary, to employ force. In the meantime, the Castle had been entirely surrounded by the Fire Brigade and Gendarmerie. Minister Freiherr v. Crailsheim and the Grafen Törring and Holnstein were now conducted by a strong escort to Neuschwanstein and there placed in confinement. The other gentlemen remained, for the present, under supervision at Hohenschwangau, were, however, by command of his Majesty, shortly afterwards conducted to Neuschwanstein. The attitude of the Members of the Fire Brigade, who lined the entire Königsstrasse, and also the Courtyard of the Castle, was extremely threatening, and foreboded no good to the unfortunate captives.

His Majesty, when informed of the near approach of the Commission, gave way to a fit of ungovernable rage—he rapidly issued orders for the defence of the Castle, and for the imprisonment of the Commission. The position of the unfortunate Officials was by no means enviable, and if District Official Sonntag had not taken a firm stand against the enforcement of drastic measures, there is little doubt but that their fate would have been sealed.

The “cruel” orders issued by his Majesty were not put into execution—these were uttered in a moment of ungovernable rage, and must be excused on the ground of his illness and irresponsibility.

After an imprisonment of three hours duration the Members of the State Commission were set at liberty. District Official Sonntag had at last received telegraphic confirmation of the appointment of the Regent.

On account of the unfriendly feeling evinced towards them by the crowd, the gentlemen left the Castle singly, and returned to Hohenschwangau as quietly as circumstances permitted—from there they left with all possible speed for Munich. Owing to their complete ignorance as to the real condition of his Majesty's health (whom they were to have reported as insane and irresponsible), the object of their visit had entirely failed.

On the road to Hohenschwangau they met the Aide-de-Camp, Graf Dürkheim, who had received a telegraphic summons from his Majesty, and was on his way to Neuschwanstein. King Ludwig had, to all appearances, won the day. At his command, the battalion of Riflemen then stationed at Kempten, was summoned to his protection—the Commander, however, handed in the telegram at Head Quarters, with the result that the troops were not called out, and the telegraphic communication of his Majesty was now stopped. Even Graf Dürkheim, during his audience with his Majesty, does not appear to have been fully convinced that his unhappy Master was insane and unconscious of his actions, and his loyalty and devotion led him to forward from Reutte a telegraphic message from the King, appealing to the Chancellor Bismarck for assistance. The reply of the Statesman was as follows: "His Majesty should proceed with all speed to Munich. Show himself to his people, and plead his own interests before the Diet." The Chancellor, who was well acquainted with all the events which had taken place, rightly guessed in which direction the King would follow the hidden alternative given in his advice "Either the King is healthy, in which case he will follow this advice, or he is really insane, and will not be able to overcome his fear of appearing in public." It is altogether impossible to realise what this appeal to Berlin for assistance must have cost his Majesty in pride and obstinacy.

A mentally-deranged lady, belonging to the aristocracy, who was spending the Summer at Hohenschwangau, succeeded in gaining admittance to the presence of the King, and throwing herself at his feet, she besought him passionately to seek refuge in Munich—an advice which his Majesty, for the present, refused to follow. His goodheartedness forbade his giving the order for the highly excited lady to be conducted out of the Castle, and it is even possible that her enthusiastic devotion may have soothed and comforted him in that hour of trial. It is strange that even this poor lady should have felt that the only help for Ludwig lay in his return to Munich. The King, however, must have realised that he no longer had the strength to make a successful stand against his fate. The advice to seek refuge on Austrian ground, he refused, with scorn, to entertain. Did he realise that such a step might plunge his people into endless misery, or did he shrink, in case even of success, of continuing a life so full of sadness?

Towards evening, on the 11th of June, a strong detachment of Gendarmerie under Colonel Hellingrath and Major Steppes

arrived at Hohenschwangau, who, after dismissing the guard on duty, made themselves Masters of the Castle and took his Majesty prisoner.

Graf Dürkheim was immediately recalled to Munich, where he was charged with high treason. He had been pointed out as the author of a Proclamation issued by the King, accusing the Prince Regent Luitpold and the Ministry of high treason, and inciting the people of Bavaria to rise up in rebellion. This document, however, was finally proved to have been the work of foreigners, who had succeeded in smuggling it into the country.

A reflexion of the deep sympathy felt with the tragic fate of the King must fall upon Graf Dürkheim. His faithful attachment to his sovereign, after all others had forsaken him, was the last warm ray of sunshine to enter into the life of the unhappy Monarch.

When the violent attack of anger on the arrival of the Commission had subsided, the manner of the King underwent a marked change. A fixed unnatural stillness had taken possession of him—all his energy seemed to have forsaken him, and he rejected all entreaties and advice to seek for safety. No one will ever know what the King suffered in those hours, which he spent in wandering in and out of the halls and apartments of his Castle. Every now and then he stepped out on to the balcony, and supporting his head on his hand, he gazed at the beautiful panorama before him. It seemed as if he were taking leave of the mountains and forests which he had known and loved so since his childhood. The unhappy man now knew everything. The Proclamation of the Regency throughout the whole country—his confinement in this Castle, and the ingratitude and treason of those about him. He knew that the Power of the State had got the better of his Royal Power—that he had fallen from his throne, which he had mounted with such proud hopes, and that the Doctors and attendants would come back again to drag him, helpless and powerless as he was, away. With the wonderful tenacity peculiar to all mad people, he began now to concentrate all his thoughts and faculties on a means of escape from the terrible, unbearable future lying before him. But his deep religious feelings still held him back from taking this last, desperate step, and the resolve to put it into execution was only arrived at, after he found himself in the custody of the Doctors. His face betrayed the terrible struggle which was taking place within him, but the remembrance of the miserable life of his brother Otto made him control himself—his nerves

were quite exhausted, dazed and weak he gave himself up to meet his fate. The cruel power of insanity had completed its destruction of the noble mind. Every hour increased the measure of his torment, from which he suddenly made a resolution to escape. He demanded poison—the key of the staircase leading to the Tower, in order to throw himself from its summit, and so end his misery. The very heavens seemed to encourage him to take this step. The fog, which during the day had enveloped the whole landscape, now came down in torrents.

When Dr. Gudden, accompanied by his assistant, Dr. Müller, and a number of attendants, entered the Castle on that dark and stormy night, he came only in the nick of time. His Majesty had again repeated his request for the key leading to the Tower, and which his servant, fearing his intentions, had withheld under the pretext of its being mislaid. The passage leading to the Royal Apartments was instantly guarded by the medical attendants, but the Doctors, fearing lest the King in his excitement at seeing them, should attempt to take his life by springing from the window, did not consider it advisable to enter his apartments. Their object was, by apparently yielding to his request, to persuade him to come out. The servant was accordingly commissioned to acquaint his Majesty with the fact that the key had now been found.

King Ludwig was sitting at the time in the diningroom, where, contrary to his usual habits, he was endeavouring to drown his feverish excitement, and his dread and horror of the future—in drink. The sound of footsteps in the passage startled him, and laying his cigarette aside, he was on the point of rising to inquire the cause, when the door opened, and his servant entered with the message. The King instantly rose and followed him.

The imposing appearance of the King made a great impression on the assembled Doctors and attendants, and a moment of awkwardness ensued. Quickly recovering themselves, however, they surrounded his Majesty, who, uttering an exclamation of pained astonishment, endeavoured to re-enter his apartments.

Dr. Gudden now advanced, and with a deep bow, introduced himself and asked his Majesty to return with him to his apartments. "Your Majesty," he added, "this task which I have now undertaken, is the most painful one of my whole life. Four specialists have given their opinion on the condition of Your Majesty, and acting on this, Prince Luitpold has taken over the Regency of the country. I am commanded to accompany

Your Majesty to-morrow to Castle Berg. If Your Majesty permits, the carriage will be in readiness at 4 o'clock."

The King repeated his pained exclamation "Ach" and then added "Yes, what is it you want? Yes, what is the meaning of it all?" but, nevertheless, let himself be quietly conducted into his bedroom by the attendants. Here he conversed for sometime with Dr. Gudden, who introduced his companions, and inserted the observation that he had already had the honour of an Audience in the year 1874, to which his Majesty replied: "Yes, yes, I remember it perfectly well."

The King controlled his feelings with difficulty, and spoke to Dr. Gudden about the health of his brother Otto, then suddenly he exclaimed, "How can you possibly certify that I am insane, why, you have never seen, or examined Me before!"

"Your Majesty, that was not necessary; the documentary proofs are very numerous and absolutely convincing—they are positively overwhelming."

"And how long is the cure to last?"

"Your Majesty, it is stated in the terms of the Constitution; 'Should the King be prevented for more than a year from attending to the Affairs of State, the country must be placed under the care of a Regent'—so that, for the present, at least, a year is the shortest time which it can last."

The fear which the King always carried about with him of attempts being made upon his life showed itself in the following remark.

"It will hardly last as long as that. The same thing will happen, as happened to the Sultan. It is easy enough to despatch a person out of the world!"

His Majesty now turned to Dr. Müller and asked him various questions relating to the condition of his brother, mentioning the reports, also, which he (Dr. Müller) had previously submitted to him on the subject of his brother's health. His Majesty also spoke to each of the attendants in turn, asking questions, and appearing to feel interested in their personal affairs. Every now and then, however, he broke out into the impatient question "Why do you not leave the room? I desire to be alone—it is really too disagreeable!"

In the course of conversation the King remarked, that it was quite incomprehensible to him, that people should object to his staying in the mountains—it was such a harmless amusement.

After a time, it being quite impossible to avoid misunderstanding the wishes of his Majesty, the two Doctors quitted the room, in which, however, the attendants still remained.

At 4 o'clock Dr. Gudden announced to his Majesty that the carriage was at the door. "Yes, yes, then we will go," answered the King, and immediately followed his companion down to the courtyard.

It seems extraordinary that the experienced Doctor let himself be taken in by the wonderful composure of his Majesty, but, at any rate, the King, by showing so much selfcommand, spared the world the sight of a Prince travelling in a straight waistcoat. The darkness of the night had given place to the grey of dawn when the King entered the four-in-hand which was to convey him to Schloss Berg—despite his perfect selfcommand, his face was ashy-pale, and his eyes glittered feverishly.

It was a sad procession which wound its way slowly down the Bergstrasse to Hohenschwangau. A medical attendant occupied the seat of his Majesty's private servant on the box of the royal carriage—by the door of which rode a Piquer with strict injunctions to keep a sharp lookout upon his Majesty, and at the least suspicious movement to give the sign to halt.

Only a few people stood crying and sobbing on the road as the procession passed, and the King responded to their respectful greetings with his customary friendliness. At the turn of the road he dried the window of the carriage with his hand, and gazed long and earnestly at his proud Castle, which he had now quitted for ever.

What a terrible flood of thought must have rushed over the mind of the unhappy Prince, as he gazed for the last time at his beloved mountains of the Schwangau and his favourite Castles: They had been the witnesses of his happiest, and his saddest hours, and saw him now, overwhelmed with the deepest human misery, depart for ever.

The 10 hours drive took place without any interruption. During a short pause at Seeshaupt his Majesty demanded a glass of water, which was handed to him by the Postmistress Vogel, with whom he was well acquainted. He drank it off thirstily, returning her the glass with repeated thanks.

At 12 o'clock the King, with his companions, arrived at Berg.

The damp dark morning had turned to rain, and a fog was falling, which threatened to obscure the beauty of the landscape.

If Ludwig, as he glanced upwards at his now so silent Castle, remembered those bright days which he had spent there

with his Imperial guest, and contrasted them with the present, it is not unlikely that he then formed the resolution to put an end to his unbearable existence—to bury himself and all his sorrow in the waters of the dear familiar lake.

The Proclamation of the Regency came upon Bavaria like a thunderbolt. Sorrow and pity for the unfortunate sovereign predominated all other feelings, and it speaks well for the loyalty of the population, that the majority absolutely refused to credit the wild stories which were speedily set in circulation. It was indeed hard, even in the face of the outspoken language of the Government, and in spite too, of all his Majesty's peculiarities, to grasp the fact that their beloved King was incurably insane.

On his arrival at Berg, his Majesty, as was his usual habit, went over the whole Castle. On coming across the Gendarmerie Sergeant Sauer, he addressed him with the friendly words: "Ah', Sauer, I am glad that you are on duty here again."

The Castle had been prepared for the reception of the illustrious patient. Window and door fastenings had been taken off, and the doors provided with peep-holes. These arrangements did not escape the sharp eye of the King, whose pride rose at the indignities thus put upon him—but he controlled himself and made no remark. After dinner he laid down to rest—the excitement of the last few days had worn him out, and he slept soundly until the early morning.

During breakfast, his Majesty subjected the attendant who was serving him with an exhaustive inquiry about the two physicians, Dr. Gudden and Dr. Müller. He requested the former to come to him at 11 o'clock, and on his appearing, went with him for a walk in the Park.

Dr. Gudden was completely deceived by the calm demeanour and tractability of his royal patient. Even on starting for this first walk he beckoned energetically to the accompanying attendant to remain behind, and the distance between them increased so much that the servant frequently lost sight of the King and Dr. Gudden. The Gend'armes, who were on patrol duty in the Park, received strict injunctions to withdraw on the appearance of his Majesty.

After a while, the King and his companion seated themselves on a bench near the shore which commanded an extensive view of the lake, and remained here for some time, engrossed in conversation. It seems that his Majesty must have taken this opportunity of selecting the spot on which to carry out his terrible deed.

On Dr. Gudden being warned by Dr. Müller and the Officials of the Royal Household to beware of trusting to the exceptionable amiability and gentleness of the King, as this was doubtless only assumed for the purpose of deception, he replied laughingly, "I will let myself be soaped, but not shaved." On Whitsunday evening Dr. Gudden despatched the following brief telegram to Munich: "Everything going on splendidly."

There is no doubt that the Specialist hoped, by kind treatment, to obtain the complete confidence of his patient, and the apparent docility of the King strengthened him in his belief that he had him completely in his power, and that there was, above all things, no reason whatsoever to fear an outbreak of temper. For this mistaken conviction the unfortunate Doctor paid dearly enough with his life.

In the afternoon the King conversed for a considerable time with Dr. Müller, and with whom he played a curious game of hide and seek. By asking innumerable questions on indifferent subjects, he endeavoured to conceal the real object of his conversation, which was simply to find out if he could trust the Doctor not to give him poison or otherwise to do away with his life. Before commencing his dinner he inquired of the servant who was in attendance on him, if the Doctors had had anything to do with any of the dishes which were set before him. At a quarter to 7 in the evening the King started for his "pre-arranged" walk in the Park with Dr. Gudden. Attendant Mauder followed, carrying the umbrella of his Majesty, which, however, on his request, he yielded up to him. The King being a few steps in advance, Dr. Gudden gave the order in a low voice, so that his Majesty might not hear—"that no attendant was to accompany them"—and even Dr. Müller, in the face of this distinct command, did not venture to send anyone after them.

On leaving the Castle Dr. Gudden had made the remark, that he would return with the King at 8 o'clock. As, however, they did not return at this hour, and it was beginning to get dark, Dr. Müller, who was filled with anxious fears, ordered the Park to be carefully searched—but the parties returned without any result.

At 10 o'clock Dr. Müller sent off the following telegram to Munich: "King and Gudden gone for walk in the evening, not yet returned. Park being searched."

At half past 10 a servant from the Castle ran up with the hat of his Majesty, which he had found lying on the shore of the lake, and immediately after, followed the announcement

that the hat and umbrella of Dr. Gudden, as well as the coat and overcoat of his Majesty, had been discovered, wet through, lying on the shore.

Dr. Müller and Castellan Huber instantly started off, in terrible excitement, in a boat and rowed along the shore towards Leoni. Suddenly they caught sight of two human bodies, floating in the water. The Castellan sprang into the lake, and with a cry of distress, embraced the body of the King, while Dr. Müller endeavoured to draw the body of Dr. Gudden towards the boat. Some attendants, who were standing on the shore, sprang into the water and with their assistance the two bodies were lifted into the boat.

Measures were instantly taken to restore life—but it was too late—death had already set in.

The terrible drama had taken place without witnesses, and Providence had enveloped with an impenetrable veil the last moments of the King's sad life.

The body of his Majesty was laid on the bed in the Blue Room on the 1st Floor of the Castle. Wrapped up to the neck in a blue silk coverlet, and beyond the reach of all that earthly sorrow which had weighed so terribly upon him in life, he lay in the silent, earnest peacefulness of death.

In the room adjoining lay the body of his Majesty's companion, Dr. Gudden.

When the bells rang out for Church on that early Whit Monday morning they conveyed a message full of sadness, but a message, too, of peacefulness and deliverance, and the last greeting of a soul gone home to its Eternal rest.





View of Castle Berg from the Lake.

(From an original photograph by Ferd. Finsterlin, Munich.)



THE DECEASED MONARCH.

The appalling end of the King presents a heartrending tragedy before our eyes. He fell, by a catastrophe such as the World's History has never yet recorded, from the darkness of insanity into the Night of Death. A life full of promise was ended in the waters of the lake, and all that latterly had served to dim the bright picture of his life was now wiped away by the sanctifying power of the Ruler's death.

The people, bending before the stern command of iron necessity, had sorrowfully submitted to seeing their beloved King stripped of all his sovereign power—the events of the past few days, however, his composure, and resignation to his fate, had given rise to joyful hopes that he might be restored again to health and reason.

The morning of Whit Monday was dull and rainy. No one could, nor would believe the terrible reports which were in circulation, but about 10 o'clock official notices, which confirmed their truth, were posted up, and the people stood before them stunned and horrified.

The bitter blow which had visited Bavaria in the dethronement and unexpected death of her Monarch was felt all the more as the heir to the throne. Prince Otto, had been insane for years. It was to him now—their King—and above all, to the unhappy Mother of both Kings, to whom they gave their deepest sympathy and pity.

The Queen-Mother, who at this time was seriously ill, was staying at Elbigenalp, and it was the painful task of H. R. H. Princess Therese, to convey to her the sad tidings of her son's death. The Queen's Confessor undertook to prepare her Majesty for the terrible news, and reading a chapter of the Bible aloud to her, he repeated a passage three times with

such marked emphasis, that the Queen, filled with a sudden dread, asked if anything had happened to her son Ludwig. One of the Ladies of the Court informed her that his Majesty was very seriously ill. Convinced by the expression on the faces of those about her that she had not yet heard the worst, she suddenly put the question—"if King Ludwig were dead?"—whereupon Princess Therese, unable to speak, nodded in the affirmative. Her Majesty bade her tell her the whole truth, and in bitter sorrow she now learnt the particulars. That which her Mother's heart had long since guessed, feared, and by earnest prayer had endeavoured to avert, had now become bitter reality.

King Otto, who was made acquainted with his accession to the throne by a Deputation, received the intelligence with complete indifference, and conversed with the gentlemen about matters, which had no connection whatsoever with the object of their visit.

Everyone now looked with confidence to Prince Luitpold, the uncle of the King, who, after a life consecrated to the well-being of his Fatherland, saw himself again obliged by circumstances to take up the reins of government. It is now over 20 years since that terrible day, and Bavaria looks back with gratitude over the time during which this kind-hearted Prince has directed the affairs of the country. His winning features remind one of the Hero-Emperor Wilhelm, who like him, was called upon to supply the place of a Ruler, who had fallen a victim to insanity.

In Castle Berg the nervous excitement, caused by the events of the preceding night, had given place to reverent silence before the Majesty of Death.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, as well as the numberless persons who had arrived from Munich for the purpose, were admitted to the Castle to take a last farewell of their beloved Sovereign.

The body, guarded by two gendarmes, lay surrounded by palms and roses. The terrible excitement which the King had experienced in the last moments of his life, when struggling to obtain his release by death, had left its mark upon his features, which, notwithstanding, had a look of wonderful solemnity.

A simple bouquet of syringa lay upon his breast. It was his Majesty's favourite flower, and had been sent as a parting greeting from his friend, the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, who had herself plucked the blossoms and sent them, with the request to place them upon the coffin of the King.

The visitors, who had obtained admission to the Castle, passed by the dead Monarch in a silent endless procession. All were moved to tears, but in the face of the peaceful repose which his Majesty had succeeded in obtaining after so much pain and suffering, their grief gave way to feelings of sorrowful remembrance.

About 8 o'clock in the evening the Court Ecclesiastics arrived at Berg in order to bless the body and to accompany it to Munich.

The hearse was covered with flowers, many of the wreaths being composed entirely of syringa, which, as many of his subjects well knew, was the favourite flower of their King.

The sad Procession started at the very hour of the evening when the King had been accustomed to take his daily drive into his beloved mountains. Headed by the Veterans, with their banner veiled in crape, it moved silently onward through the gardens of the Castle, along the shores of the lake to Percha, and from thence, through the dark woods of the Forsterried Park. The sky had gradually become clearer, and over the tops of the trees the Castle of Fürstenried became visible. It was here that the present King, Otto, lived, and however mercilessly Fate had dealt with him, it was a comfort to his subjects to feel, that he at least was spared the comprehension of this terrible tragedy of his brother's death.

The hearse arrived at the outskirts of the Capital at about 1 o'clock in the morning. Hundreds of persons had joined the funeral Procession, which seemed endless, and all moved slowly onward through the silent crowds which lined the streets leading to the Residency. Here the coffin was placed in an apartment arranged for its reception, and the Court Ecclesiastics who had accompanied it on its last sad journey, knelt before it in silent prayer until the morning.

On the 15th of June a post mortem was held, the result of which fully confirmed the opinions previously expressed by the specialists respecting the mental condition of his Majesty's health.

On the 16th of June the mortal remains of the King were conveyed to the Court Church of the Residency, where they lay in State during the space of three days. Here hundreds of persons were admitted to take their last farewell of his Majesty, and few indeed were able to gaze on the features of their beloved sovereign without tears.

The little Chapel in which Ludwig, attired in the gorgeous costume as Grand Master of the various different Orders to

which he belonged, had so often conferred the honour of Knighthood, had been converted into a Mortuary Chapel for the sorrowful occasion. The walls were draped with black, which was only relieved by the introduction of a white cross and the royal coat of arms at the High Altar. The coffin was placed on a bier in the centre of the nave, and above it, suspended from the roof, was a black canopy, from which four enormously wide black ribbons were extended, one into each corner of the Chapel. The coffin was covered by a black



King Ludwig II lying in State.

velvet pall, a crucifix stood at the head, overshadowed by the delicate leaves of a magnificent palm. Exotic plants, palms and dark cypresses formed the background, while on either side stood laurel trees. Beautiful wreaths of Malmaison roses were wound round the drapery of the coffin, and round the golden basin for Holy Water at the foot, so that the King seemed to have been laid to sleep in a garden.

The mortal remains of his Majesty were attired in the black velvet costume of the Grand Master of the Order of S. Hubertus. His head lay pillowed upon an ermine mantle,

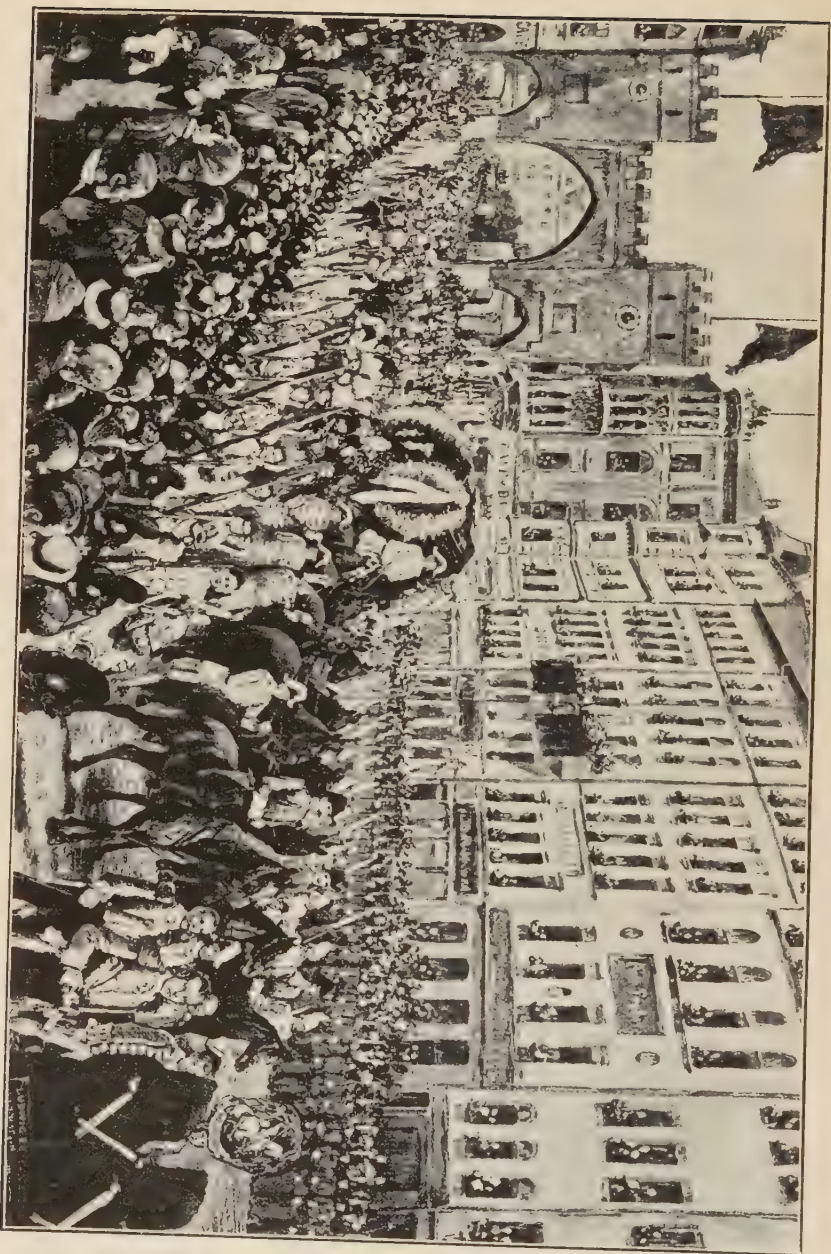
the white satin lining of the same hanging down in rich shining folds from the sides of the coffin—round his neck was the massive jewelled chain of the Order, his left hand rested on the hilt of the large oldfashioned sword, while with his right, he pressed the bouquet of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria to his breast. His features wore an expression of earnest peacefulness—there was no trace of bitterness on his face, only the delicate lips were tightly pressed together as if in pain.

On either side of the catafalque stood—motionless like statues—three Hartschiere in their splendid uniforms, while Gentlemen of the Court and Officers held the Death Watch.

The numberless bouquets and wreaths which lay heaped up on all sides of the coffin bore testimony to the love of the people for their King, one of the most touching of these being a magnificent wreath of Alpine roses, which had been laid there as a last tribute to his Majesty by the inhabitants of the mountains he had loved so well. The following article appeared at this time in one of the Bavarian newspapers:

“The Stillness of Night! The Stillness of Death! Only the voice of the Priest who is engaged in prayer, only now and again the suppressed sob of one of the women present. Nothing moves. The Knights of S. George stand motionless in their scarlet uniforms. The Hartschiere—like figures of cast iron—stand on guard, and even the yellow flames of the innumerable waxlights burn quietly and steadily. A slight perfume of roses and cypress fills the Chapel. Overwhelmed by the cruel fate of him, by whose coffin we now mourn, we stand there, deeply moved, for we see him—whom we saw in life so seldom, and yet loved so much—for the last time—it is a farewell for ever which we take. If the Majesty of Death so moves us, how much more profoundly must the sight of the deceased Monarch affect us, and what thoughts must fill our hearts as we stand here beside him for the last time on earth!”

The Princes' vault in the Michaelshofkirche was selected as the burial place of the King. The church was solemnly and imposingly decorated for the occasion. The Presbyterium was converted into a grove of laurel, cypress and palm trees, the immense High Altar draped in black, and in the centre was a huge white cross bearing the inscription: Ludovicus II Rex Bavariae nat. 25. 8. 1845, denat. 13. 6. 1886.



The Funeral Procession of King Ludwig II. June 19th 1886.

On the catafalque lay the Crown, Sceptre and Hat of the old Spanish costume of the Order of S. Hubertus. On the Gospel side of the Altar, under a black velvet canopy, stood the Throne Chair, draped in black.

The bells from all the Churches in the Capital announced that the Funeral Procession had started on its way. On every side hung either the national flags draped with crape, or black banners, and the streets, through which the Funeral Procession was to pass, were profusely decorated with every token of deep national mourning.

Dense crowds had assembled all along the route—but everywhere was perfect silence and deep earnestness, on almost every face lay an expression of pain, and it was evident that the fate of the Sovereign had made a deep impression on his subjects. In addition to the Military stationed in the Capital, those Bavarian troops of which his Majesty had been the Honorary Colonel, arrived to take part in the funeral ceremonies. Just at the very moment that the Royal Hearse left the Residency, the sun broke through the clouds for the first time after a succession of dull rainy days, and lighted up the mournful splendour of the never-ending Procession. The dull booming of the guns and tolling of bells announced to the silent waiting crowds that their Sovereign had set out on his last journey to the dark vault of his ancestors.

The beating of drums and the solemn tones of hymns and Funeral Marches announced the near approach of the impressive procession, which was headed by the Servants of the Nobility, bearing torches, and the various Religious Orders, followed by the Schools, Officials of the Court Staff, in full dress, and the Secular and Regular Clergy. The Court Trumpeter, in a splendid uniform, blew a fanfare to the dismal accompaniment of the Kettledrums. Then followed in succession, the Court Clergy, the Chapter, and the Bishops of Bavaria, succeeded by the 25 "Gugelmänner" in their black costumes, resembling those of the Judges of the mediaeval Vehme—a remarkable attire, which enveloped the head and face, leaving only the eyes exposed. These carried the Royal Standard, two crossed candles, and the picture of S. George. The long line of Court Officials was followed by the Master of the Ceremonies, who immediately proceeded the Royal Hearse, which was drawn by 8 horses draped in black. The coffin, on which were placed the glittering tokens of Sovereignty and the insignia of the House Orders, was almost entirely hidden beneath a mass of magnificent and costly wreaths. On either side of the hearse

walked the King's Adjutants, the Court Chamberlains and Knights of S. George. Court Pages, bearing lighted torches, surrounded the carriage, which was followed by the mourning charger, draped in crape. A cross-bearer and two others



The Prince Regent Luitpold, Uncle of King Ludwig II.

carrying lighted candles now concluded the procession, after which followed a troop of Hartschiere.

¶ In deepest agitation the Prince Regent Luitpold accompanied the mortal remains of his nephew to their last resting place. Close behind him followed the German Crown Prince, Friedrich of Prussia, in the brilliant uniform of a Field-Marshal, while on his left, walked the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria—both

sons of Emperors who had stood so near to the King during his lifetime, and over whose heads Fate had already spread her black wings.

The Princes of the Royal House now followed with the Noblemen and Ambassadors who had arrived to attend the funeral ceremonies, and whose brilliant and gorgeous uniforms glittered with gold and silver lace. These were succeeded by the High Officials of the Crown, the Ministers, attended by the Officials of their respective departments, Deputations from the towns in Bavaria, the Association of the Reserve men and the Fire Brigade.

Detachments of cavalry and infantry closed the Procession, the bands of the regiments playing the funeral marches of Beethoven and Chopin.

The arrival at the S. Michael's Church of the Clergy with black banners of the Cross, the candle-bearers and choir, the Nobility and their brilliant suites, formed an imposing and gorgeous spectacle. At the doors of the Church stood the Bishops awaiting the arrival of the Royal Hearse, and when, at length, the coffin was lifted out, a deep solemn silence fell over the many thousands who had collected in the Square. Covered with a costly pall, upon which was placed the Royal Crown, it was carried on the shoulders of the "Gugelmänner" to the High Altar, the choir meanwhile solemnly chanting the Psalms. After the Priests had sung the "Death-Vigil" before the coffin, King Ludwig was laid to rest amongst his ancestors in the dingy crypt beneath the Church. At this same moment a tremendous thunderstorm broke out over the city—lightning flashed and thunder rolled, whilst the rain descended in torrents, as if even the elements desired to show their sorrow for the departed Monarch, whose life had ended so tragically.

The "Death-Judgment" had still to be held in the Diet. The explanations made by the Government to the Representatives of the Country, respecting the habits of his Majesty during the last years of his life, must have convinced even the most sceptical of the insanity of the King. The presentation of the plain unvarnished truth did much to lessen and quell the excitement which was felt, and the Press undertook the delicate task of breaking the painful truth to the sorrowing population.

The Bavarian people have not forgotten their unhappy, noble Monarch. In word and picture and in numberless songs they remember him, and the serious pale features and the bright eager eyes of the King live in the memory of his people.



KING LUDWIG II AS PATRON OF ART AND SCIENCE.

The love of Art in all its branches, but most especially of Architecture, is an ancient inheritance of the Sons of Wittelsbach.

It is remarkable, that ever since the close of the middle ages it has been almost invariably the bearers of names prominent in Military History, who have been honoured and extolled in their own countries as the patrons and protectors of Art and Science. United to this was the ever-increasing love of splendour, which rendered the Courts of the Wittelsbacher the most brilliant in Germany. The greatest artists and professors found in them their patron, and a new Medici era seemed to have commenced.

Just as in the rapidly-rising cities of the Kingdom, simplicity was being supplanted by pomp and splendour, so, towards the end of the 15th century, the influence of the highly developed Italian Art-life began to make itself felt at the Bavarian Court—at first, it is true, only by timid, weak attempts, then however, with the advance of the Renaissance, it succeeded in gaining the ascendancy, and led to the raising of the incomparable structures of that epoch. In the middle of the 17th century this tendency met with a powerful antagonist in the refined civilisation, which, emanating from the Court of France with a still greater display of splendour, rapidly gained in favour and became the predominating power.

The stagnation which set in with the French Revolution paved the way for the regeneration of Art under Ludwig I of Bavaria in the classical models of the Antique—an epoch of tremendous progress, and to which was added that of

an epoch of tremendous progress, and to which was added that of Applied Art, which under Ludwig II received so much stimulation and strength.

This Monarch knew how to assign to Technical Industry (Applied Art) a position of such importance in all his buildings, that it was enabled to compete and hold its own with all the other branches of Art.

It is one of the brightest pages in the history of the Wittelsbacher that they, notwithstanding their devotion to splendour, and their active participation in matters referring to Art, were also zealous promoters of Science.

In spite of the frequent want of sufficient means, and notwithstanding the narrow-minded opposition of those, who wished at all seasons to see cabbage planted and never roses, the Bavarian Rulers have been the true protectors of Science for centuries, and many seats of learning owe their existence to them.

However much the splitting up of Bavarian territory by the division of the land may be regretted from a political point of view, just in artistic and scientific respects, all the branches of the principal stem have contributed their full share towards the great civilising work of the raising of Germany: the Wittelsbacher shielded and cherished, as a precious family inheritance, the love and enthusiasm for everything beautiful and noble, and the sum of these artistic sentiments seems to have been concentrated in the young King, who entered into the heritage of his Art-loving grandfather, Ludwig I, full of eager enthusiasm and idealism.

The rule of Ludwig II showed itself to be of eminent importance for the promotion of Art and Science. In him was united the energetic taste of Ludwig I for plastic art, and the inclination of his royal father, Maximilian II, for the sciences, and it was his object in life to become the royal patron and generous promoter of both of these. His brilliant talents assisted him, with thorough study, to inform himself on all these subjects, and to educate his taste and comprehension for Art up to an extraordinary state of perfection. Superficial judgment has pronounced the buildings of Ludwig II to be nothing but the slavish copies of a past Art epoch—but this is absolutely incorrect.

Anyone who studies these structures with an unprejudiced mind, and with the aid of the many excellent illustrations of the same, cannot fail to observe the delicate taste in which these buildings are in accord with the various kinds of style—how the endeavour to attain to a strictly pure-style of Archi-

ture is everywhere perceptible, and with what artistic refinement also digressions in similiar art tendencies have been harmoniously blended into the whole. That the King went off the beaten track and worked out new paths for himself is artistic peculiarity.

The preference shown by Ludwig I for the Art of classical antiquity was not less adversely criticised, than the inclination of his nephew for the brilliant epoch of French Renaissance. Ludwig I, with his sublime grand structures, had, so to speak, taken the butter off the bread of his two successors.

Whilst King Maximilian II, as architect, endeavoured to unite a variety of styles in one—(an attempt which must be acknowledged as unsuccessful),—Ludwig II entered on an artistic career, which was opened up to him by his talents and education, with as much success as determination.

It is impossible to assert that he was one-sided in the following out of his taste.

His Castle in the Romanesque style, his plans for a Gothic Castle, and for another in the fantastic style of the Orient, as well as his active interest in Islamitic Art, are ample proofs against this, and bearing testimony to his knowledge and familiarity with the architecture of almost every country in the world.

What most especially remarkable is, is his deep intellectual co-operation in all his buildings. He was not satisfied merely to patronise Art to surround himself with the halo of a Patron, his delicate sense of beauty was never weary of seeking out the most Beautiful in the Kingdom of Beauty, and, rich in fruitful ideas and impulses, he knew how to impart to his structures as a whole, as well as down to the very smallest detail, the particular stamp of his purest and individual artistic taste. It does not detract from the praise due to the King, that the darkened condition of his mental life brought forth, and caused to mature, a singularity which is unparalleled in History.

After the painful experience he went through in the wrecking of his plans to present the City of Munich with a Wagner Festspielhaus, he built only for himself—on lofty mountain summits—in the peaceful stillness of solitary mountain valleys, and on the sunny island of a Voralp lake—here he raised lofty temples of Art, from which his royal authoritative order wished to keep every unsolicited criticism at a distance. Here he consecrated himself as High Priest to the worship of artistic beauty, and fitted up his royal residences with incomparable pomp and splendour.

The connecting link of the, between Art and Science divided, enthusiasm of the King (and herewith the proof of the extraordinary extensive range of his intellectual interests) was formed by his active interest in the Stage. This he protected with real princely munificence, such as no other ruler of his country had hitherto ever done. King Ludwig saw in the Stage not a source of distraction or of amusement, but a means of working at the intellectual and moral development of his people—a means to rouse and foster enthusiasm for noble sentiments and actions.

Neither in this was the King one-sided. The idea, that he only patronised and favoured the Art of Richard Wagner, is absolutely a mistaken idea—just as he approached all branches of plastic Art with rare comprehensiveness and objectivity, so music and the master-works of poetry found in him a warm friend, an excellent connoisseur and generous patron.

All his life Ludwig was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller, the last, especially, being his ideal.

At the beginning of his reign the King seldom failed to be present at the Court Theatre whenever a classical piece was given, and at his initiative, Schiller's works were henceforth produced without any parts being omitted. The King would not hear of the Confession scene in "Maria Stuart" being left out, and it was only after the Archbishop of Munich had energetically referred the matter to the Queen-Mother, as well as to the King himself, that he consented to its being omitted.

During the years 1866—1867 the Works of Shakespeare, Molière, Racine and Calderon were frequently given at the Court Theatre, Lord Byron's "Manfred" (to the music of Schumann) was also put upon the stage, and those who, in later years, saw the masterly acting of Possart in this same piece, must have been sorrowfully reminded of their unhappy Monarch in his lonely home in the mountains.

It seems strange that the King had no particular sympathy for those poets whom his royal father had so greatly favoured. Only as regards Emanuel Geibel and Hermann Lingg he made exceptions. Lingg's Drama "Catilina" was carefully studied and given at the Theatre, and for his epic poems his Majesty paid him really princely sums of money.

The King was likewise deeply interested in the Dramas written by Klein, which he pronounced to be masterpieces, but beyond the comprehension of the modern Theatre-going public.

Karl Gutzkow, also, was a favourite with his Majesty, and his novel "Ritter vom Geiste" completely charmed him. The Poet received the commission to write a novel on Bavarian History, whereupon he chose as his theme—the eventful past of Hohenschwangau. The poems of Martin Greifs his Majesty greatly appreciated, for he recognised their value, and the pure sentiments and noble language of this native poet awakened corresponding echoes in his own heart. Hermann v. Schmid, and still more, Maximilian Schmid, enjoyed the favour of the King to the fullest extent—their works accompanying him to his lonely Castles and mountain homes.

The treasures of the State Library were transmitted in basketfuls to his Majesty, whose love of reading procured for him a wide range of knowledge on almost every subject. Even in his last years no new work of literary importance ever escaped his notice. The King had a pronounced liking for descriptions of countries, especially when they touched upon places, which he himself knew and liked, and he invariably evinced a generous and friendly interest in their writers.

Unlike his father, Ludwig did not care to personally associate with the leaders of Art and Science, but this in no-wise deterred him from most warmly seconding all their efforts and undertakings. The Wittelsbacher Institution is witness to the truth of this. The Historical Commission, which was called into being by his royal father, received from him large sums of money to carry on its work. It was the King's wish that the National Museum founded by his father should be converted into a training school for Artists, Professors and Artisan Mechanics. An enormous sum of money was paid out of the private Exchequer of his Majesty for the purposes of scholarships, awards of merit to Professors and literary men, as well as for the costly editing of Art and Literary remains. The King, who was greatly interested in all historical works, was an ardent admirer of Leopold v. Ranke, and his kindness in assisting the despised philosopher, Ludwig Feuerbach, who, in the last years of his life, was in such deep distress and need, can never be forgotten—also his nephew, the painter Feuerbach, Ludwig assisted generously, and cheered and encouraged by the recognition of his talents.

Like his great co-temporary, Duke George of Saxony, Ludwig directed his attention, as artistic expert and patron, to his Court Stage, and he insisted on being kept punctually informed of all details referring to it. The greatest attention was commanded to be paid to the scenery, for his Majesty desired that the plays should be produced with all the

surroundings of their period, and the important improvement in scenery-painting, stage machinery and management, is largely due to the interest taken in it at that time by the Art-loving Monarch.

One of the most important actors whom his Majesty patronised was Possart. The King saw him for the first time in "Narcissus" and instantly recognised his talent. "Narcissus" remained one of his favourite plays, and was added to the list of those intended for private representation.

The Court Actor Rhode likewise enjoyed the special favour of his Majesty, who received him several times in private, and afterwards commanded his attendance as reader and companion.

After the production of "Wilhelm Tell" on October 18th, 1865, Rhode received the following letter from the King:

"Dear Rhode,

You have exceeded all my hopes. I remember with intense pleasure the happy hours which we spent together in the winter. Yes—they must return!

I remain, always your favourably disposed King.

Ludwig."

The King's passion for Art History Literature made him desire to have those periods of it which interested him most deeply adapted for the Stage, and the Poet, Carl v. Heigel, was intrusted with the larger share of this difficult work.

His Majesty himself superintended the arrangements with the greatest care, and strict attention as to detail, and being thoroughly acquainted with the subjects he never suffered, even in order to obtain a greater dramatic effect, the slightest deviation from historical accuracy.

It was regarded as a distinct sign of favour for his Majesty to invite the Poet to be present at the production of his play. As a general rule his Majesty desired to enjoy these quite alone, and watched jealously over these literary treasures.

The well-known composer, Max Zenger, wrote a ballet to his Majesty's complete satisfaction, but his petition to be present at the production of the same, was at once refused.

As all these private representations in the Court Theatre were placed on the Stage with the utmost pomp and splendour, this amusement of the King's, so harmless in itself, was unhappily one of the causes of the unfortunate crisis in the Exchequer of the Cabinet. The greater part of the subjects chosen by his Majesty for adaptation for the stage treated of

scenes in by-gone times, familiar both in Court and Artist circles. That the majority of these had reference to the brilliant Court life of Versailles is hardly to be wondered at, when one takes into consideration the deep interest which his Majesty always showed in that period of French History. "I am convinced," Heigel wrote, "that my, and the Artists of the Court Theatre's united efforts, afforded the unhappy Prince many a bright hour, and that our Art comforted, but never harmed him."

It was in opposition to the wishes of the majority of his subjects, when the youthful Monarch, shortly after his accession to the throne, summoned the great musician, Richard Wagner, to his Court.

Whilst it remains a lasting blot upon the history of the Emperor Josef II, that he, unlike his subjects, failed to appreciate the genius of Mozart, it is to the lasting honour of King Ludwig that he was able to recognise the greatness of Wagner at a moment when he was misunderstood by the entire world, and the fervour of his melodious compositions only met with mockery and contempt.

Ludwig II not only provided the great Master with ample means to carry on his work, freed from all material cares, but he also, in spite of opposition, recognised it to be his duty to assist and promote, by every means within his power, the carrying out of his artistic ideas.

The King found in Wagner an Artist endowed with the highest possible talent and unwearying creative genius, whose immortal intellectual creations permitted of his approaching him also as a friend. The turn of fortune, coming at a moment when he was well-nigh in despair, must have raised in Wagner feelings of the deepest and sincerest gratitude, and indeed his letters to his friends, and the poems dedicated to his Majesty show us that he was filled with happiness and unspeakable thankfulness to his royal friend and patron.

If it were the captivating and symbolical *mise-en-scène* of the old German legends, rather than the music of Wagner's works, which so attracted the King, is a question which none can answer. One thing, however, is quite certain, and that is, that King Ludwig entered fully into the feelings of his friend, whose lofty, intellectual flight of ideas seemed to him so sympathetic. The King hoped, by his furtherance of Stage Art, to open up a road to high intellectual culture, and to this, the great works of Wagner were to pave the way.

The production of *Tristan*, the *Meistersinger*, *Rheingold* and *Walküre* assumed the character of real Artist Fêtes, and

the number of those, who saw in Wagner more than a short-lived innovator, increased rapidly.

The only influence which Wagner brought to bear upon the King was the summoning to Munich of his faithful friends, Hans v. Bülow, the unparalleled Tristan singer, Schnorr v. Carolsfeld, and the aged Poet-composer, Peter Cornelius. Also Liszt and the Architect Semper were Wagner's frequent guests.

His Majesty was interested, not only in Wagner's Art, but also in his literary work. At the special desire of the King Wagner wrote the treatise "State and Religion," an account of the School of Music which it was proposed to found in Munich, and his book, "German Art and German Politics," contained the whole history of his eventful life and work. His Majesty, as patron of plastic Art, developed into a real Croesus of artistic fantasy. Closely connected with his partiality for the Art of the Stage, and forming, so to speak, the bridge to his architectural work, is the collection of drawings at Castle Berg, which represent the various favourite impressions created on his mind by Schiller's Dramas and Wagner's works. They are a speaking proof of the high intellectual development of the youthful King, who, in his enthusiasm for German poetry and legend, conceived the idea to raise up to the latter an imperishable monument. This began at first in weak and timid efforts, but the pictures of Illes and Spiess, of high artistic merit, became the foundation for the Royal Castle of Neuschwanstein.

With the decorating, in the most brilliant Rococo style, of his apartments at the Residency, the King, following in the footsteps of his art-loving ancestors, the Elector Maximilian I and Max Emanuel, commenced his creative career in the province of plastic art.

The preference of the King for the noble beauty of the Renaissance is shown also in the plan by Semper of the Art Temple for the Stage Inauguration Festival Plays.

Ludwig, who was such a friend of Nature, paid great attention to the laying-out of the gardens of his various Castles.

In this he was assisted by the professional, Hofgarten-direktor, Herr v. Effner, and it is from him that we hear of an amusing episode, which illustrates the friendly, condescending manner of his Majesty, when associating with his artists.

Effner one day entered the Atelier of the Sculptor Wagnmüller with an order from his Majesty for some statuettes, which it was proposed to place in the gardens of the Castle. As Wagnmüller found some little difficulty in understanding what was wanted of him, Effner unbuttoned his overcoat and showed to the amused sculptor an illustration of the King's wishes drawn on his waistcoat.

Effner then related that he had just come from an audience with his Majesty, that he also had not immediately been able to grasp the idea of the King, whereupon his Majesty, laughing, had taken up a piece of black chalk and sketched out the designs on his white waistcoat, so that no mistake could possibly be made. The unrivalled beauty of the gardens surrounding Schloss Linderhof, and the plan (which did not reach completion) for the gardens at Herrenchiemsee show the King's thorough comprehension of plastic art, which, in the architectural completeness of his Rococo buildings, is an essential feature.

The King's love for oaktrees led him to have hundreds of these transplanted, at an enormous expense and trouble, from the Starnberger Lake to the Graswang Valley, where they now form one of the chief attractions of the beautiful Park.

His Majesty's extraordinary knowledge of Art was the result of deep and earnest study, added to this was a natural inherited talent, and the information which he had acquired on the numerous journeys which he had undertaken at the commencement of his reign.

The Art treasures which were collected in the Residenz, and in the Museums of Munich, the Wartburg, the splendid Cathedrals of Bamberg and Cologne, the pompous Castles of the Margraves at Bayreuth, the Residenz of the Frankish Dukes at Würzburg, and Nuremberg, with its ancient buildings, had a wonderfully stimulating effect upon the King, and this feeling became even more intensified by his visits to the Royal Castles of France.

The charming Belvedere of Marie Antoinette, "Trianon," hidden amidst groups of splendid trees, inspired the King with the idea to erect a similar Paradise for himself, and he therefore built Schloss Linderhof.

His Majesty's grandest and most comprehensive structure, his Island-Castle Herrenchiemsee, has unfortunately remained unfinished. After a deep and careful study of architecture and its history, Ludwig commenced his career as builder, and

like his ancestor, Ludwig I, he had especial luck in the selection of his staff of artists and workmen, as also in his choice of sites.

Every plan and sketch had to be submitted for his examination and approval, and professionals were fairly amazed at his deep knowledge and fund of original ideas. The desire of the King, even at the cost of effective colouring and harmony of form, to adhere strictly to historical accuracy, and to uphold the severe etiquette of the Bourbon Court also in his pictures, filled many an Artist with dismay, but his Majesty's affability and perfect comprehension of the subject did much to take away the bitterness of the pill. As years went on, however, and his Majesty's health began to fail, he became impatient and exacting, and the interval between the giving of an order and the time allowed for the execution of the same, became so short, that the artists, who worked heart and soul to please their Sovereign, became discouraged, and it was only by straining every effort, and employing outside help, that the almost impossible was rendered possible. The quality of the work, however, did not suffer, and in such cases the King was lavish in his praise and gratitude.

However determinately the King held to his own opinion in other respects, in questions of Art he bowed to the maturer judgment of his professionals, and even let himself be converted to their experienced opinions—only in the persons of the two great Masters, Schwind and Kaulbach, did his Majesty meet with decided opposition, and these two, the former, because he objected to the influence of Wagner in the Art tendencies of the King, the latter, out of feelings of injured pride, declined to work for his Majesty. On the other hand, the other Artists rewarded, with grateful devotion and unwearying energy, the strenuous efforts of the monarch to employ, as far as possible, home labour.

The Artists Pechmann, Spiess, Schwoiser, Benczur, Aigner, Hauschild, Heckel and Ille were intrusted by his Majesty with the painting of his Castles; the beautiful sculptures were the work of Perron, Bechler, Hautmann, Walker and Wagnmüller, and the embroidery work was from the firm of Jörres and Alkens. This important furtherance of Technical Trade (Applied Art) by his Majesty signified a re-awakening after many years of slumber, and all the different branches of this lesser art rivalled with each other in excellent workmanship. All the work which gold and silversmiths, chasers, jewellers, clock-makers, stucco-workers, carpenters and ironmongers, and the

newly-revived china industry, accomplished in the service of the King forms an immortal leaf in his wreath of artistic fame.

Many a precious pearl of the artistic trade of olden times was now created in renewed beauty at the instigation of his Majesty, and many of the hundreds of small art objects, which were scattered about his Castles, were made at his command. He watched over them from plan to completion with the deepest interest, and it was a habit of his Majesty to command a duplicate of all those which most greatly pleased him.

A clear picture of his Majesty's taste, enthusiasm, professional knowledge and active co-operation in all matters pertaining to Art, can be seen in a letter written by him to the Head of his Ministry. A number of wishes and commands are contained in the briefest of terms, often originally and quaintly expressed.

"I desire at once the photograph of a picture, which is to be found at Versailles, representing the opening up of the United States in 1789."

"I rely firmly upon receiving a sketch of the Imperial sleigh as soon as possible."

"Procure me at once prints of the interior of the Castle of S. Cloud."

"I await at once a written statement, if my directions respecting the description of the Art objects from the Royal Residenz, have been attended to with all due zeal."

"Let me know immediately if Grillparzer's Trilogy 'The Golden Fleece' has been rehearsed."

"Submit today copies of the drawings of emblems for the Field Gend'armerie."

"Will you write by return of post to Paris, and do everything possible to spur on Phelipeau to finish the pictures, ordered by me, to Chateaubriand's Works. Let him say at once how soon he thinks he can have them ready."

"Let a reliable person be immediately despatched to Paris to receive the right photographs—this man shall then also see to the photographing of the bust of Marie Antoinette, in the small apartments. The aforementioned should carry out this commission without delay."

"I desire to receive by to-morrow a report of all the occurrences relating to the Diet."

"Let the volume 'Sakuntala' be sent as quickly as possible to the Pürschlingshütte, near Unterammergau."

"As the photograph taken by Braun after the print 'Marie Antoinette steigt beim Hôtel de Ville aus' is smaller than

the original, let the Court Photographer, Albert, start at once for Paris to take a copy of the watercolour by Goncourt in the exact size of the original." "If possible, send me today a volume of Griesinger's 'Damenregiment unter Ludwig XV,' as I wish to read a chapter about Adrienne Lecouvreur."

"Make every possible effort to procure me the books mentioned in my order, particularly the édition de luxe of Chateaubriand's writings. Above all, I beg you to send me the prints, which I am so longing to receive, and which can be obtained with the assistance of Kahn and Jouilles."

At the wish of his Majesty, Artists and Professors were constantly on the search for long since forgotten wonders of Art and Science. The eminent watercolour Artist, Heigel, undertook many journeys to Paris and Versailles, in order to obtain studies for his miniature paintings for his Majesty. After the Bourbon Sovereigns, Louis XIV and Louis XV, Marie Antoinette, Mary Queen of Scots and the Maid of Orleans ranked high as historical favourites, and these the King had painted innumerable times, after pictures, prints, and even after Stage representations. China painting, as an essential feature of the Rococo style, received much encouragement from him, and at his command, the Courtlife of the Bourbons was painted by the Artist Grünwedel on innumerable tables, dinner and coffee services, vases, &c. &c., all of these are carefully preserved at the Castles of Linderhof and Herrenchiemsee. His Majesty provided the painter with rare old prints as copies,—each one of the watercolour sketches was carefully examined by him, and finished according to his directions and advice.

Respecting the splendour of the Rococo Castles of Ludwig II Kobell writes "When one looks at the apartments in which Ludwig II has heaped up the entire complicated splendour of the siècle of Louis XIV and Louis XV, one is involuntarily reminded of the fate of Semele. She demanded that Jupiter should appear to her in all his glory—she could not, however, bear the sight of his tremendous splendour, and fell back dead upon her couch.

The magnificence that was called up by Ludwig did not, certainly, cost him his life, but it robbed him of every particle of comfort. Sleep visited him unwillingly in his gorgeously decorated bed, his body rested uneasily on the inch-deep raised embroidery of his sofas. If he seated, seated himself at the writing-table, his knees came in contact with the gilded ornaments of the same, his blotter, with its weight of china and metal



The Throne Room (taken from the dais).
(United Art Est., Munich.)

decoration, was difficult to use, his penholder so covered with Benevenutonic chasings that he could only hold it for a short space of time. Thanks to his devotion to Art, however, the King was able to overlook all these many drawbacks."

The two eminent Architects, Dollmann and Hofmann, who had played such a prominent part in the raising of the other Royal Castles, were intrusted by King Ludwig with the building of Castle Linderhof, a task which they, assisted by the other artists, carried out to his Majesty's perfect satisfaction.

The King's good taste and comprehension of what was fitting, made him have the favourite figures of the old Germanic poets and minnesingers painted according to tradition, and not after Wagner's Stage representation of the same. The charming subjects were collected from old Churches and Castles, and woven into a unique and remarkable series of pictures of the Romanesque Style. During the time that this work was being carried out, his Majesty, in order to enjoy, and watch over the building of his Castle, stayed for months at Hohen-schwangau, and just as he had remained always in touch and sympathy with his mountain people, so he now entered into terms of friendship with his Artists, to whom he communicated his own admiration for the old Germanic fable and minnesinger world.



EPILOGUE.

We have shared the dream of a Royal Artist's life—have watched with wondering amazement the rising of this bright star, to see it suddenly cast down from spheres of light into the darkness of insanity. All that was mortal of this Prince has now returned to dust in the dark vault of his royal ancestors, but his genius shines forth immortally in his deeds. He is inseparably united with the most important epoch of the German people, and in the broad Kingdom of Art, King Ludwig II's name will ever be honoured and remembered.



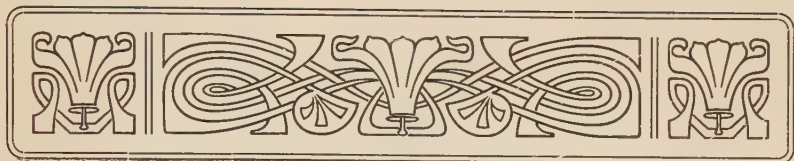
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Castle Herrenchiemsee in the year 1886.



SUPPLEMENT.

The unrivalled jewels which King Ludwig II has left to his people in his Castles have been now for 20 years the goal of the travelling public of all nations. It was from these Royal Castles that the Art and Technical Trade (Applied Art) of Munich began their triumphal march throughout the world, and all descriptions and reminiscences praise with enthusiasm the happy choice, which his Majesty has made in the selection of suitable sites for his splendid buildings.

The most visited and most easy of access of these Castles is that of Herrenchiemsee, which, situated on the poetical Island of Herrenwörth on the Chiem Lake, and in the midst of charming country is, although unfinished, not to be surpassed in pomp and splendour, and was originally intended to be the most imposing of all his Majesty's grand structures.

Castle Linderhof is situated in the quiet and peaceful Graswang Valley—a charming little jewel of the Rococo style, and with its endless wealth of Art treasures, its fountains, gardens and grand park, is an attractively beautiful show-place—an enchanted Castle, watched over, and protected, by the lofty mountain giants which surround it.

High up on the mountains of the Schwangau stands the proud mediaeval Castle of Neuschwanstein—the Valhalla of German Legend, in the noble beauty of German Art form. Neuschwanstein is the admired goal of thousands of travellers.

The genius of its founder has stamped it with his seal and made it an imperishable monument to German thought.



View of Hohenschwangau and Neuschwanstein.

It was here that the King spent the happiest days of childhood—and then, as youthful King, and serious melancholic Monarch, showed a preference for the lovely spot, which was destined to be the scene of the sad change in his life and fortunes.

Surrounded by splendid forest, and reflected in two deep green Alpine lakes, the Castle of Hohenschwangau stands just below Neuschwanstein, and here it was that his Majesty spent a great portion of his youth.

Hardly any spot of the Bavarian Alps combines so much beauty of scenery with brilliant historical remembrances as does the Schwangau.

Schachen, the most remote of all his Majesty's domains, surrounded on all sides by the mighty rocky walls of the Wetterstein Mountain, gazes down upon the picturesque beauty of the Partenkirchen Valley beneath. This house, built in the simple Alpine style, contains a large and handsome apartment which, carried out in all the dreamy, charming beauty of the Orient, bears witness to the King's great love of contrast in Art.

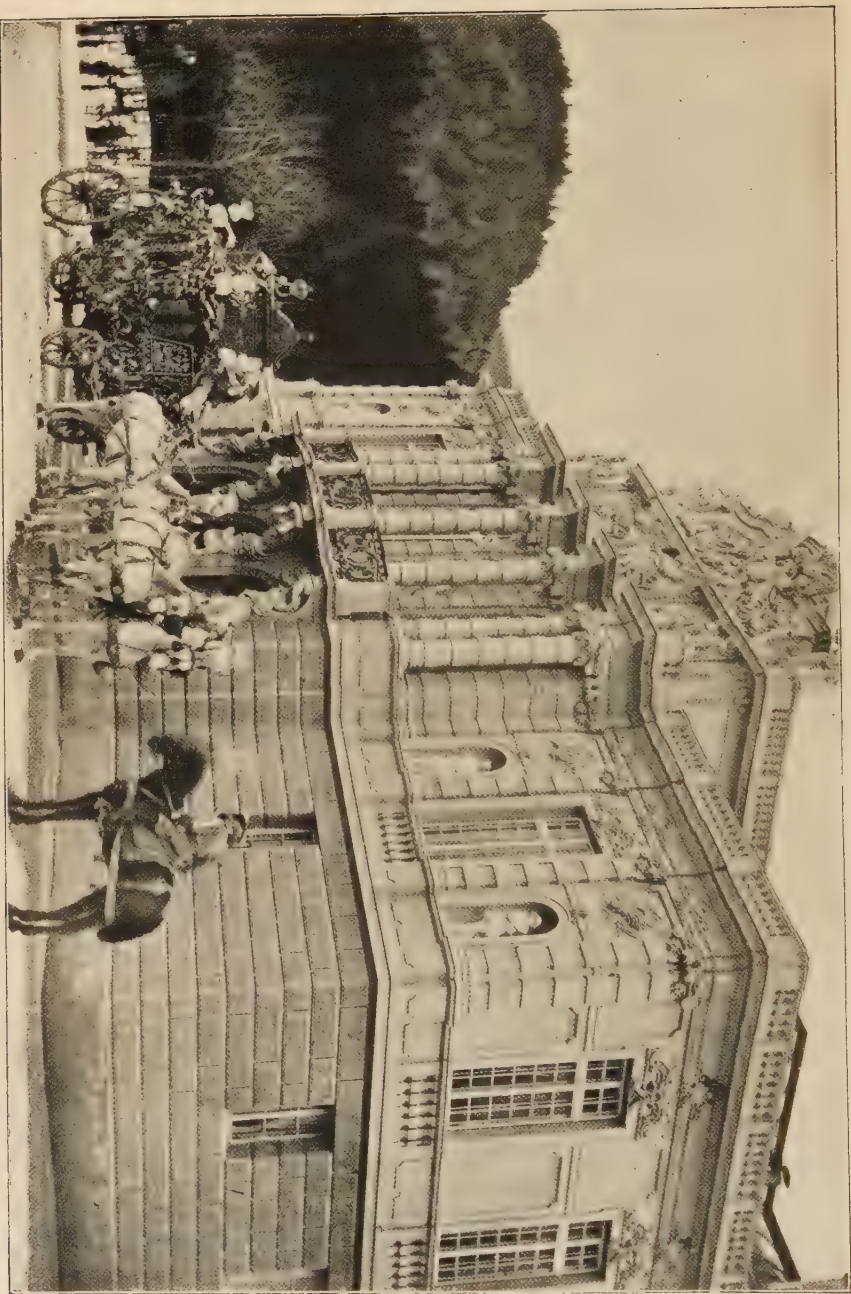
An atmosphere of melancholy lies over the quiet Castle Berg, which in dumb, pained sadness looks out upon the bright surface of the Starnberger Lake.

Its splendid Park was witness to the first attempts at walking of the tiny Prince—and saw his death. Adjoining is the building of the "Im Memorium" Church, which ever keeps awake the memory of the art-loving Monarch and his sad death.

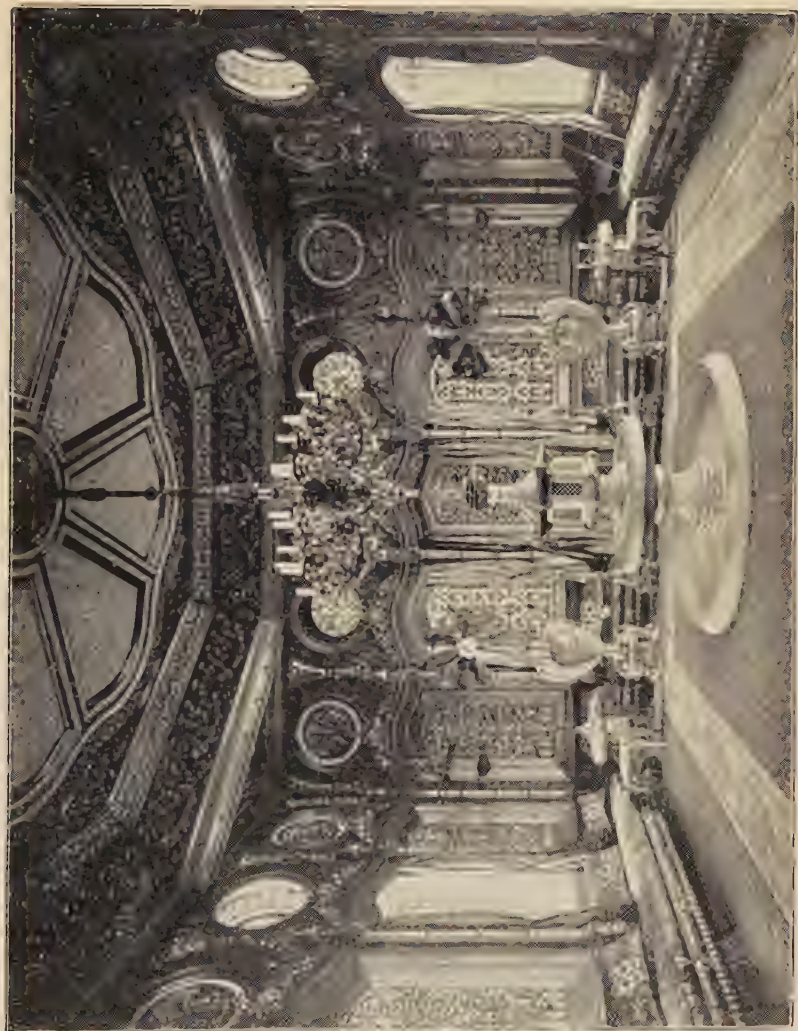
The convenient proximity of Munich to the mountains renders it possible to visit all these Castles with facility and little loss of time.

The Castle of Herrenchiemsee can be reached by train from Munich in two hours' time, which permits the visitor, after having duly inspected the Royal Castle, to have sufficient leisure to enjoy the charming scenery of the lake and neighbourhood. The nearest to Munich of his Majesty's Castles is Castle Berg, situated on the Starnberger Lake. The interior of the same contains so many souvenirs of the King, that a visit to this Castle is strongly to be recommended.

The tourist, starting from Munich, requires two days to visit the Castles of Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau—as also for Castle Linderhof.



Castle Linderhof.



The Moorish Hall.

The tour from Füssen to Hohenschwangau is full of charm, and the neighbourhood of the Royal Castles one of Alpine grandeur.

Owing to the carriage connection of the Local Railway (Limited Co.) the journey to Linderhof, viâ Reutte, Plan Lake and the Graswang Valley, is rendered extremely easy.

From Linderhof, carriages are arranged to convey visitors to Oberammergau, and viâ Ettal, to Oberau.

Castle Schachen can also be reached in 6 hours from Partenkirchen, but also here, much time can be saved by using the Local Railway from Munich.





Castle Neuschwanstein.

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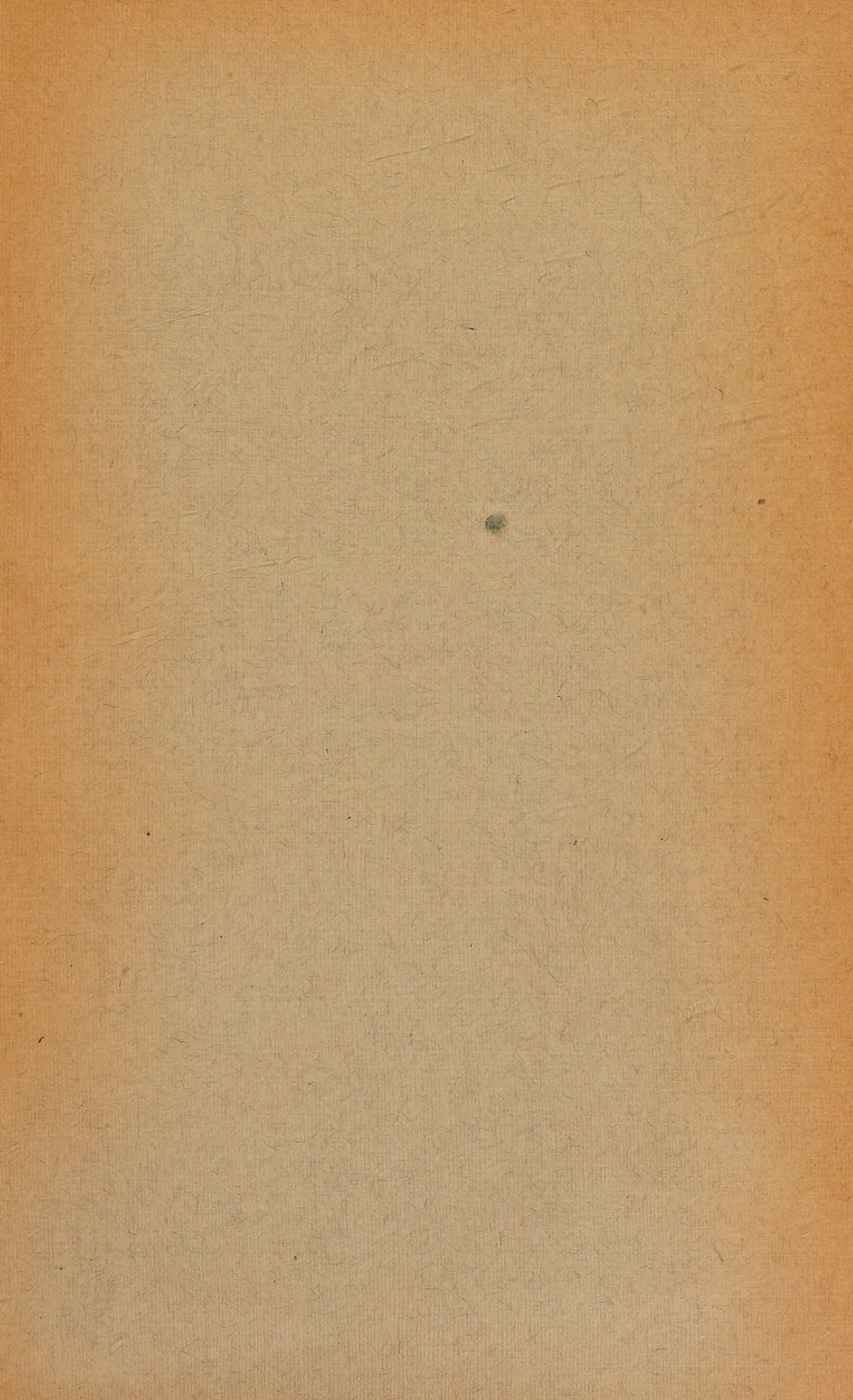
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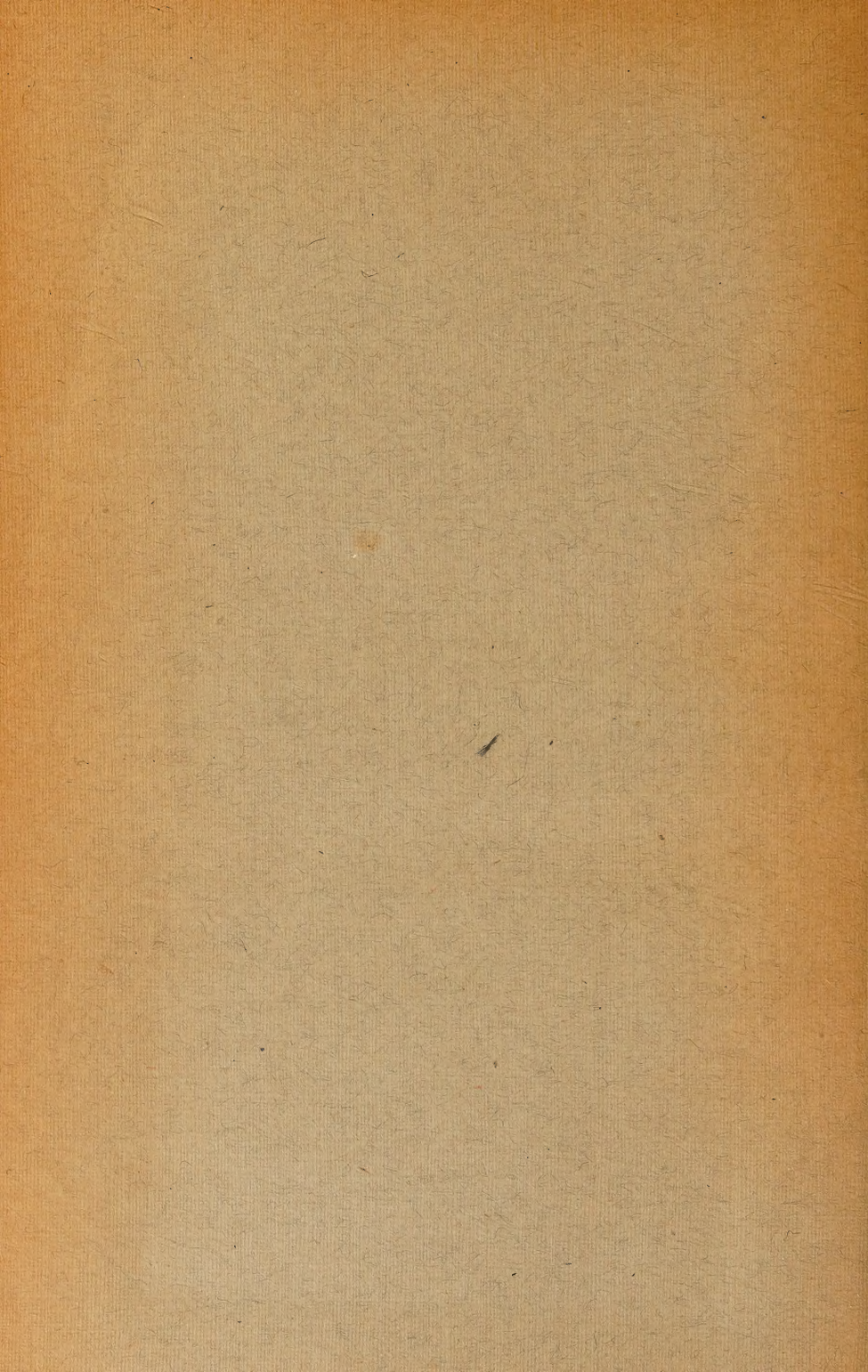
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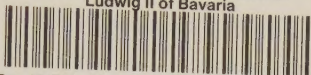
For 20 years the Castles of his late Majesty, King Ludwig II of Bavaria, have been the goal of thousands. — Much has been written about these Royal Castles, but these descriptions have appeared, either in too concise a form, or in too expensive weighty works, to meet the wishes of the public. The above book has now been published in the endeavour to offer a really satisfactory, genuine work as a reliable companion, and welcome preparatory and supplementary reading before and after the visit to the Royal Castles. The descriptions contained in the same are in every respect attractive and complete, and particular attention has been paid to that part relating to the development of Art and Applied Art.

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